THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 74. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT No. 726 SANSOM ST. Philadelphia, Saturday, March 2, 1895. FIVE CENTS A COPY $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE No. 35

AN APPEAL.

BY W. W. L.

I may not live apart from thee,
Without thee all life's beauty dies;
Earth only holds one place for me,
Beneath the glory of your eyes.

Without thee life is one long sigh,
In barren sterile desert lone,
Beneath a cold and gloomy sky,
Where winds of desolation moan.

I lay my life at your proud feet,
My very soul to you I give;
Bend down and kiss me, sweet,
And let me in your fond love live.

The Cedar's Mystery.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LUCKY ESCAPE!" "JIM HARVEY'S REVENGE," "JUST MY LUCK!" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

JO! I say, Jo! Where the dickens are you, and why don't you answer when you're spoken to?"

"Hallo!"

"Hallo, yourself! There you are in that hammock all the time, and here have I been hunting all over the orchard for you!"

"My dear boy, I can't help that."

"No, I suppose you can't; but that won't make me any cooler."

"Now you've found me, what do you want?"

"How do you know I want anything?"

"If you don't, why did you hunt for me in the orchard—eh, Dick?"

"Well, mother told me to say that she can't finish after all, and will you gather the roses and see to the vases for her like a good kid."

"Now, Dick, did mother say that?"

"She said all but 'kid'—she did indeed, Jo."

"Oh, I don't doubt the rest, but I didn't believe in mother's making use of slang!"

"Well, are you going to get the roses?"

"Of course I am!"—and the tall, slightly-built, rather ungainly-looking girl swung herself out of the hammock and stretched her arms wearily above her head.

"You're tired," remarked Dick.

"Of course I am! I've been 'on the go,' as Martha says, since six this morning."

"I can't see the drift of it all," Dick observed, leaning against the spreading cedar under whose boughs the hammock swung.

"Nor can I. The place was as clean as a new pin, as it always is; but mother has had every corner turned out, as if Adeline would poke round with a magnifying glass to look for dust. Then that new carpet in the spare room wasn't wanted, and I know mother was saving the money for a warm cloak in the winter. If Adeline is to be one of the family, what is the use of upsetting the whole place for her?"

"You see mother is so anxious that she shouldn't feel any difference."

"She's sure to feel the change if uncle George was so well off and kept so many servants as we were told."

"That's why mother is so anxious, I suppose. She wants everything to be as nice as possible, so that Adeline sha'n't feel and miss it too much."

"I will give George didn't trouble his money, for them father died."

can go away at to do with it. We such deep affection be done by; and, endure the separation

when Adeline wrote that she was left penniless, only a few shillings being left over from the sale after all uncle's debts and funeral expenses were paid, mother could do no less than offer her a home."

"Oh, I dare say it's all right!" said Jo, yawning. "I suppose she's a delicate white-faced Londoner. Poor little thing, she'll soon get strong in our sweet country air! Isn't it funny we've never seen her?"

"I wonder if she'll be shy?" queried Dick.

At this moment the curtain of the French window behind them swayed slightly as it fell over the hand that had been holding it back, and a sarcastic smile overspread the features of a young girl as she drew back into the shade.

"Shy of country louts like that!" she muttered. "Just fancy that awkward girl, in a tumbled holland gown with a black belt and a black ribbon at the throat by way of mourning, in Hyde Park!" Then, with a shrug of the shoulders, she continued, "It doesn't matter much here what they are like; I dare say I can endure them until matters are arranged."

The thought seemed to bring an anxious fear with it, and the girl turned to the mirror behind her and glanced at the face she saw there, which had visibly paled.

"It can't be for long," she said. "I wish it were safely over."

Then she clenched her hands and, setting her teeth angrily, glared defiance at her own reflection.

"You white-faced fool! You're only a coward after all!" she almost hissed. "You will spoil everything with your craven soul."

The color slowly returned to her face as she turned from the mirror and seated herself in an arm-chair, carefully arranging her draperies as if it were her one object in life.

Meanwhile Jo and Dick were peacefully gathering the roses.

"She'll be here in two hours. She said the twelve o'clock train," remarked Jo.

Dick uttered a sound indicative of a sudden discovery.

"Jo, although a train leaves London at 12, another gets here at 5 minutes past. It's an express, and about the quickest of the day. Oh, if she should have meant that!"

Jo looked aghast at the speaker, and, catching up the basket, now half full of roses, flitted across the lawn, in through the open window, and stood with rough ened hair, flushed face, and tumbled attire, breathless and dismayed, in the presence of a well-dressed young lady who rose languidly to greet her.

Jo was nonplussed for a moment; but her innate good feeling and breeding came to her aid, and, though painfully conscious of all shortcomings in her personal appearance, she advanced at once with outstretched hand.

"Adeline! It is Adeline, is it not? I am sorry no one met you! We did not expect you till two o'clock. Dick and I were going to the station to meet you. I hope you haven't been here long?"

"Not many minutes. An old woman, one of your under servants, I suppose, admitted me, and seemed quite alarmed to see me. She asked me to 'step inside,' and announced her intention of 'telling the missus;' but I have seen no one since."

Jo's face flushed, but her eyes never fell before the slightly satirical glance of her cousin.

"I am afraid you have seen the whole staff," she remarked gravely. "Martha is our factotum. Won't you take a seat? I will tell mother."

But at that moment Mrs. Greyson came into the room. She had hurriedly exchanged her morning wrapper for her afternoon dress of black cashmere, with crape collar and cuffs, and came forward full of warm-hearted welcome to her dead husband's niece. But the sight of the well-clad figure in its costly mourning made her hesitate for a moment.

"Is it Adeline?" she inquired.

"Yes, aunt Emily. Thank you so much for your kind invitation! You see I have availed myself of it;" and the new-comer held out a well-gloved hand and turned her cheek to receive the expected kiss.

Rather to her surprise, it was not given. Her hand was kindly pressed, but her usually warm-hearted aunt was evidently chilled.

"Jo will show you your room, my dear. I dare say you will be glad to get your things off, and we will have dinner as soon as possible."

"Why didn't you kiss her?" asked Dick, entering from the window, where he had been an unobserved spectator. "Was it because she had too much cheek, mother?"

Mrs. Greyson looked at him doubtfully.

"She's pretty," she said at last.

"Yes—she's pretty," echoed Dick.

"And very well dressed."

"Got up regardless, et-cætera," replied Dick.

Mrs. Greyson's eyebrows contracted, but she did not speak. Dick stood lounging against the window-frame, with his hands in his pockets; but his mother went from the room without saying another word.

* * * * * *

Dinner was over, and chairs had been placed in the shade of the huge cedar-tree on the lawn. It was a favorite summer lounge of the whole family.

One specially large, comfortable chair was known among them as "mother's particular," and in this Adeline Wallingford installed herself at once. Dick and Jo were on the point of protesting, but were checked by a glance from their mother.

"It really is very pleasant here," Adeline admitted condescendingly.

"We think a great deal of our cedar," Mrs. Greyson observed.

"Yes?" said Adeline in a tone of inquiry. "But it isn't the only one in England."

"It is our only one," said Jo.

"That is why you call the place the Cedars, I suppose?"

Jo colored, but did not reply.

"No—we have others," interpolated Dick composedly. "Here is one"—and he drew the stump of a lead-pencil from his waistcoat pocket—"Jo has quite a number in her drawing-case; and I know mother keeps one in her account-book."

"How very funny!" returned Adeline placidly. "I shall know in future. Your name is Josephine, of course?" she continued, turning from the young fellow to his sister.

"No, my name is Johanna," replied the girl, flushing at the ripple of amused laughter that broke from Adeline's lips.

"Johanna! Not really, now? How cruel! How very unkind! How could any girl be graceful, or intellectual, or anything el e, burdened with such a name!"

"Please don't attribute my many shortcomings to my name. It was that of the best and dearest woman who ever lived. If I could resemble her in everything——" But Jo stopped suddenly, for the amused look fixed upon her was too irritating.

"I sincerely hope you do not. I think goody people are utterly unendurable."

"One can be good without being goody," exclaimed Dick—"and there are worse things than even goody people;" and he rose quietly and, picking up a large straw hat that had been lying beside him, sauntered off into the orchard.

Before long his sister joined him, and passed her hand within his arm.

"So you couldn't stand her, Jo?" he inquired.

"She is leaning back and dosing, or pretending to doze. Oh, Dick, I do hope she'll marry soon!"

"Same here," replied Dick laconically. "Whom shall she marry?"

"Oh, I don't know! We must try to put up with her because she's poor; but her air of being used to everything so much better than the best we've got is most annoying. She evidently means to be waited upon and have the best of everything."

"She won't have mother's chair tomorrow, I'll take good care of that."

"You can't prevent it, Dick."

"Can't I? We'll see."

"What passes my comprehension is how she can dress as she does. There must be a mystery somewhere."

"I don't suppose there's much mystery. She ordered the things, the people supplied them, and there was money enough left to pay for them—that is all."

"I hope they are paid for."

"It doesn't matter to us."

"Yes, it does, for mother would make it a point of honor to try to pay for them. But I imagined that uncle George was a rich man. I know mother always avoided him, as she only does rich relations."

"I too thought that he was rich—I can't understand it at all. Let us gather some strawberries for tea, Jo, if you are not too hot. We'll go and have a pull on the river to night. I hope she'll be afraid of spoiling her dress and won't come."

"No such luck!" said Jo ruefully. "No such luck!"

Tea under the cedar had always been considered a delightful meal by the Greysons, there was such a sense of quietude and rest about it; and that afternoon everything seemed as favorable as it possibly could be. The strawberries were splendid, and some rich fresh cream had been sent that morning from the Hall, with Mr. Passy's compliments to Mrs. Greyson, so that in Jo's and Dick's eyes nothing could have been nicer. Yet Adeline, in some subtle way, conveyed that it would all do faute de mieux.

"I thought cream was a common thing in the country," she remarked, raising her brows, surprised: "and I did not know that any one ever ate strawberries without it."

Mrs. Greyson and Jo sat silent, but Dick said calmly—

"Ah—they didn't know everything down in Judee!" You may have perhaps a thing or two to learn even about London. Have some sugar?"

"And who may this Mr. Passy be?" Adeline asked, helping herself plentifully, but with a languid air, to both sugar and cream.

"He might be prime minister or public hangman, but he isn't. He is Passy, of Woodthorpe Manor. He lives at the Hall, keeps no end of horses and dogs, and will be master of the hounds when Colonel Barnes retires, as the latter intends to do after next season."

"Married, of course?" Adeline asked.

"No—unmarried, and only seven-and-twenty. He is the parti of the neighbor-

hood, if you are inclined to set you cap at him."

"Thanks; but I suppose Jo has done that already, and has made the most of her opportunities."

"You're wrong there. Jo is too young to possess caps yet. Have some more strawberries, mother?"

"Do you care to go on the river this evening?" inquired Jo.

"I won't promise—I'll see," Adeline responded, with sweet condescension.

Jo bit her lip and turned to her mother. She felt that it would be a great trial to endure this girl much longer. Already Adeline had succeeded in making herself thoroughly disliked.

"I suppose you know a great many people here?" inquired Adeline.

"We know every one here," replied Mrs. Greyson.

"Are you coming on the river, Jo?" asked Dick, rising.

"Unless you want me, mother."

"No, dear; go and enjoy yourself."

"Will you come, Adeline?"

"Thanks, no—I think not."

"What unexpected bliss!" Jo observed as the two sauntered down through the orchard and paddock to the little boat-house under the willows. "Which way shall we go?"

"Up stream. I wish we could see Gerald and tell him all about it. It is always a relief to confide in him."

Shortly afterwards the boat shot out into the stream and then swung round. Jo leaned lazily back and steered while Dick rowed. They went slowly, for there was no need for haste. The day had been very hot, and the evening was still and sultry. Soon a voice hailed them.

"Hallo, you two! Fancy pulling up stream on an evening like this! Why didn't you drift down the other way?"

"Because we wanted to see you."

"Well, come here, then. I wanted to see you also, but did not like to intrude. I suppose I must make a formal call to-morrow and be introduced to la belle cousine?"

"Let us forget her for a while," said Jo, sighing.

"What—already?" asked Gerald Passy. "That is a bit rough, isn't it?"

"Yes—on us!"—with another sigh; and Jo took the outstretched hand and sprang lightly to the bank. "I wish you'd marry her, Jerry!"

"That's very kind of you. You are tired of her in a day, and want to saddle me with her for life!"

"I don't," exclaimed Dick—"it would spoil the Hall for us! But, if you could help us to hunt up some eligibles who usually reside either at Land's End or John o' Groat's, we'd be grateful."

"I'll try," replied Passy, laughing. "If Jo promises not to go off with any of them."

"I? Why, I'm only seventeen! How ridiculous you are, Jerry!"

"Hadn't we better have a picnic while the fine weather lasts?" continued Gerald. "You used to dote on picnics, Jo?"

"So I do now; but I seem to have only two ideas—one is that when the summer is over Dick will go away, and the other is that I shall then have to make a companion of Adeline."

"Unless one of my eligibles carries her off," observed Mr. Passy, smiling.

Then, after a little discussion, the picnic was arranged for the following Thursday.

"I am going to have the house full for the shooting in August," Gerald informed them. "I'll try to get a few fellows to come and do the agreeable to your cousin. Is she pretty?"

"Yes," replied Jo, with evident sincerity—"very pretty and graceful. She's sure to captivate you, Jerry; and it will be such a pity, for I shall feel so lonely when Dick goes up to those horrid hospitals; and, if you are married to Adeline, it will be dreadful!"

"Discuss me as much as you please, Jo, but it strikes me it is hardly fair to your cousin to talk of her in that way."

Jo turned away pettishly and walked down to the boat, but Dick remained behind for a moment.

"Any news about that absconding cashier?" he asked.

"Not a word. I'm afraid the money is gone. I am trying to regard it as spilt milk."

"Of course it is of no use fretting," remarked Dick; "but it is a bit of a blow."

"Might have been worse," Jerry observed quietly. "As far as I am concerned, it is only the savings of a long minority that are gone; but others are harder hit. It seems the fellow has made off with deeds and securities, and has actually had the audacity to offer them for cash and an indemnity, and threatens to destroy the deeds if any attempt is made to take him. He has hitherto quite baffled the police."

"How much did he make off with?" asked Dick.

"About a quarter of a million."

"Whew! Why that's the most gigantic swindle that ever was perpetrated—is it not?"

"I don't know, as I'm not well posted in swindles; it is bad enough any way. I am glad your mother was not affected by it. Let us go to Jo; I am afraid I vexed her."

But that young lady had taken her place in the boat and unshipped the sculls.

"I'll pull, as it is down stream," she said. "Come on, Dick—it is getting late. Good night, Jerry! The cream was very nice. Thanks for sending it. Good night!"

CHAPTER II.

THE week passed away uneventfully. Gerald Passy paid his duty-visit and found Miss Wallingford so very quiet and ladylike that any fear he might have entertained as to a possible attempt on her part to captivate himself was entirely set at rest.

She was showing a large album of sketches to her cousin when he arrived. Adeline had evidently traveled a good deal on the Continent and in America. The sketches were many in number, and, though all spirited and clever, yet differed much in style and execution, some being bold and vigorous, others delicately and elaborately finished.

"You must be very fond of painting," remarked Mr. Passy.

"No," she replied; "I like it well enough, but I do very little now; I prefer music."

Miss Wallingford closed the album abruptly and laid it on one side.

"Do you like America?" inquired Jerry.

"No—I hate it; I will never go there again!"

The girl spoke impetuously and in a manner quite different from her usual even tones; then, suddenly recollecting herself, she changed the subject.

"There must be some unpleasant recollection connected with her American trip," Mr. Passy thought, as he walked slowly home through the shady country lanes, and then he forgot the matter.

A few days afterwards he rode over to the Cedars to make the last arrangements for the picnic, and found Mrs. Greyson and Jo alone, as Adeline had requested Dick to go with her into the village. Dick was beginning to be fascinated with his cousin.

All arrangements for the outing were soon completed, and then Mrs. Greyson turned the conversation to the subject of the absconding manager and the bank failure, which had occupied her thoughts many a time after she heard that the son of her dear old friend had been a heavy loser.

"I am sorry I mentioned it to Dick," Gerald observed. "The fact is, I wanted to set my mind at rest, so I asked him if it affected you at all. Indeed I cannot tell you what a relief it was to my mind to know that you were safe."

Mrs. Greyson thanked him with her eyes, and he continued.

"This Redwood had been regarded as so upright and trustworthy that I think his illness affected his mind. They say his memory seemed a perfect blank, even with regard to affairs in which he had taken a leading part."

"But, my dear Gerald, you don't mean to say that your money is all gone?"

"I'm afraid it is, Mrs. Greyson."

"Was it much? Do you mind my asking?"

"Certainly not. It was between sixty and seventy thousand pounds. It had accumulated during my minority. I never touched it; I didn't require it, so I let it remain there."

"How awfully wicked of you, Jerry!"

"Wicked? How do you make that out, Jo?"

"Fancy having all that money and doing nothing with it! I think you deserved to lose it—I do indeed!"

The young man looked at her and bit his lip. He could not tell her that year by year the interest had been drawn and spent entirely in charity.

"Perhaps you are right, Jo," he remarked quietly—"but there may be another side to the question. Do you remember you quoted to me the other night that 'they didn't know everything down in Judea'?"

"The whole affair appears very mysterious to me," Mrs. Greyson observed.

"Very. It appears that he went to America a year ago on important private business. This was transacted to the entire satisfaction of the firm, and Mr. Redwood returned, but so changed, both in manner and appearance, that at first they hardly knew him. He had become much thinner from the effects of an attack of fever, was getting bald and going gray, and in fact looked ten years older than when he left England. His constitution had apparently been so much impaired by his illness that the firm offered him a long holiday to recruit, but this he declined. About six months after he suddenly disappeared, and it was found that he had been falsifying the books almost from the moment of his return to England. He has not only appropriated large sums of money which he was supposed to have lent on mortgage, but has also decamped with deeds and papers of great value. These he has actually had the impertinence to offer to return for ten thousand pounds cash, if accompanied by an indemnity for the past, and an undertaking not to prosecute him."

"My dear boy, I feel very sorry for you."

"It doesn't matter to me so much. I am sorry for those who can so ill afford to lose their money. Just imagine if my money had been the savings of a life of toil instead of merely the superfluity from a long minority!"

"And the rest is all safe?" asked Mrs. Greyson anxiously.

"Yes—quite safe. Let us forget this now, as it seems to annoy Jo."

"Only because I am so dreadfully sorry," said the girl. "Jerry, you might have done so much with that amount. It is a lost and wasted opportunity."

"Lost—yes; but perhaps not quite wasted, Jo. Anyhow, it is gone now, and you know the uselessness of crying over spilt milk. So let us pass to a pleasanter subject. Those ponies belonging to my dear mother don't get nearly enough exercise, and are becoming much too fat. I wish you'd have them, Jo."

"I? Why, Jerry, I couldn't afford to keep ponies! Besides, when you marry, your wife ought to have them."

"It strikes me that by the time I marry those ponies will want nothing but to have their shoes taken off and be turned out to grass. If you have any compunctions on that score you can make a wedding present of them to my wife, and I'll give you another pair. Of course they will remain at the Manor, but a groom will ride over every morning to receive your orders."

Mrs Greyson looked anxious as she waited for Jo to reply. The intimacy between the two families had been close from the time when Doctor Greyson first met his wife at the bedside of her old schoolfellow, Mrs. Passy. The children had grown up together, and it was not likely to occur to either that outsiders might discuss such things as the gift of the ponies to Jo in a way that neither Gerald nor she would like. But the girl's tact found a way out of the difficulty.

"I could not love the ponies better if they were my own than I do now," she replied. "And I am sure your wife would refuse them if they had been given to any one else first. I would myself, Jerry—I would indeed! So suppose we arrange it in this way. Send them round to me three times a week, and I will give them two or three hours' exercise, and, if I want them on any other occasion, I'll ask for them."

"Am I to be content with that?" he inquired, looking smilingly towards Mrs. Greyson.

"We shall be delighted," the elder lady answered. "It will be a great pleasure to us, and the ponies will get all the exercise they will require."

"Jo won't accept them, she says. They are to be kept for my wife."

"When are we to see that lady?" inquired Jo's mother.

"Really, Mrs. Greyson, I can't say. You see, 'my love she's but a lassie yet.'"

"Then she exists?" cried Jo.

"Of course she exists. You don't suppose I am going to marry my junior by twenty-seven years?"

"I mean you've seen her, Jerry. Oh, do tell me—do we know her?"

"I am afraid I dare not answer one question for fear you should ask me another."

"You're afraid—for fear! Nice grammar and still more questionable courage! Jerry, I'll watch you every time you look at or speak to a lady until I find out, if you won't tell me."

"Don't be absurd, Jo!"

"Mother, do you hear Jerry? I am determined to know—I'll find out somehow. Oh, I do hope I shall like her!"

"Suppose I promise you that you shall know the day the lady does—will that satisfy you?"

"When will that be?"

"You shall decide. How old should the lady be before I ought to speak?"

"It depends," replied Jo earnestly, her face flushing and her eyes sparkling with the interest she took in her subject. "If you would only tell me, Jerry, I'd cultivate her acquaintance and become her bosom friend, I'd sing your praises until she thought there was not a man like you in the world."

"What a terrible young perveater of facts friendship would make you!"

"No, it wouldn't, for I think so myself. What is the matter?"

"Nothing," replied Mr. Passy, but he had risen quickly, and his face had flushed deeply. "I must be going, that is all."

"I believe you're blushing because I said I thought you were a good fellow."

"That is it—I am so shy," he returned, laughing, as he extended his hand.

His adieux were suddenly interrupted by the entry of Dick.

"Has Adeline come in? Has any one seen her?" he demanded excitedly.

"When did you miss her?" Mrs. Greyson inquired.

"She asked me to run back to Ward's and see if she had left her sunshade there, and when I returned she was gone."

"Where were you at the time?"

"In the High Street, near the post-office."

"She must have gone along the road instead of coming by the field-path," Jo observed.

"No, for I looked along the field-path, and, not seeing her, I came by the road."

"Ah, here you are!" exclaimed Adeline, entering calmly. "How you raced past the post-office! I couldn't call you back."

"Did you try?" queried Dick.

"Of course not. How could I? You rushed on so impetuously. I saw you look along the field-path and then go up the road. It was out of the question to overtake you, so I came by the field. Ah, how do you do, Mr. Passy? I beg your pardon."

"You had your sunshade all the time," remarked Jo reproachfully.

"Yes; it hangs so easily on my arm by this ring that I sometimes forget it."

"Pray don't apologize," said Dick, with mock politeness, as Adeline had certainly not uttered a word of apology or regret, while her manner insinuated that he was entirely to blame. He was hot and tired, while she looked cool and charming in her soft lavender-tinted draperies.

"No, I wouldn't if I were you, my dear boy. It is quite the proper thing to rush off and leave a lady to find her way home alone; but I forgive you;" and Adeline laughed and kissed the tips of her fingers with a pretty gesture of conciliation.

Nodding in reply Dick left the room, vaguely wondering who was wrong after all; and why, if she had wanted stamps, she had not told him she was going into the post-office, and might be there when he came back from Ward's.

Then came the supposition that she had known perfectly well that her sunshade was hanging on her arm when she sent him back, but did so to get rid of him while she called for a letter. But he at once rejected the idea indignantly, and felt ashamed of himself.

CHAPTER III.

THE morning of the picnic dawned bright and clear, but from the very first there was a drawback. Adeline's head ached so badly that she declared it was out of the question that she could accompany them, and positively refused to allow Mrs. Greyson to remain with her, as she could not bear the idea of spoiling their pleasure.

They were only going to Abbey Woods, were they not? Well, if she felt better later on she would come down the river in the canoe and join them. They really must not trouble about her. She lay on the sofa before the drawing-room window, and drew the curtains to keep the sun off her face. Mrs. Greyson and Jo were full of anxiety and commiseration, but Dick seemed strangely indifferent, even unfeeling.

"You were positively unkind," said Jo reproachfully to her brother.

"Was I?"

"I don't believe you cared a bit."

Dick only looked at her and smiled.

"Perhaps you're right," he said, after a pause; "and yet I generally feel sorry for suffering."

"You'll say next she had no headache," declared Jo.

"No, I shall not say anything of [illegible] kind."

"Don't quarrel!" Int[illegible] son hastily. "Here t[illegible]

They had now co[illegible] Hall gates and fo[illegible]

last to arrive. Gerald Passy's brake, dog-cart and chaise were filled with his own male guests and the party from the Vicarage; Colonel Barnes, his wife and daughter, and Major Powys and his sons, were on horseback, while the Barfords, in a wagon, were all ready to start.

Half an hour afterwards they had reached the wood, between the river and a hill which was crowned by the ruins of an old abbey, and here the whole party alighted.

"Where is your guitar, Jo?" cried Mr. Passy. "Surely you have not forgotten it?"

"Indeed I have! I am sorry."

"Sorry, so am I! Can I send for it?"

"Suppose I go back," volunteered Dick. "I'll take a canoe down to the point and just cut up through the spinney and across the orchard; it is much shorter than by the road. I could be back in half an hour."

"It is a shame to trouble you—I don't like to let you," said his sister.

But Dick declared he didn't mind a bit, and, simply asking if there was anything else he could bring at the same time, hurried off.

"Now I shall see," he thought, "why that headache was put on. There must have been a reason for it."

His canoe, going with the stream, soon swept down to the point, and the run along the path through the spinney was nothing to him in his tennis-shoes and flannels. Silently he went onwards, for his footsteps made no sound on the deep moss of the woodland path. Suddenly he stopped and almost staggered against a tree in his utter astonishment.

A man was leaning against the trunk of an old oak, and erect before him was a young girl, speaking rapidly and apparently angrily. Could it be Adeline? Dick left the path and approached them cautiously through the underwood. He would solve this mystery.

It was his cousin. He could see her plainly now. There was no trace of the languor she had affected when they left her an hour before, prostrate with nervous headache. She stood upright and alert, her eyes gleamed with contemptuous anger, and the lines of her thin lips looked hard and cruel.

The man to whom she was talking was tall, slight, and stooped somewhat. A short thick red beard, a wrinkled face, and pale-blue spectacles did not constitute an ideal lover, and indeed, to judge by appearances, there was no love lost between them.

Adeline was speaking, and Dick, who in ordinary circumstances would have scorned to listen to conversation not intended for his ears, drew closer, resolved to find out, if possible, the reason of her strange conduct.

"Do you mean to say that you refuse to give them to me?" the man asked in a tone of intense but suppressed excitement, evidently in reply to some speech of Adeline's which Dick had not overheard.

"I mean to say that I intend to profit by the lesson you have taken such pains to teach, and look out for number one."

"What are you going to do then?" demanded.

"I am going to allow you ten pounds a month until you go abroad, and no more."

"I can't live on that."

"Yes, you can; but you can't gamble on it, and I don't intend that you should."

"You show proper respect," the man began angrily; but Adeline stopped him with a low contemptuous laugh.

"Respect! Don't waste your time in talking nonsense, please."

The stranger winced and paled visibly, the muscles of his face twitched convulsively, and he was evidently struggling hard to control his anger.

"I wonder you are not afraid of me," he remarked at last.

"Why should I be? You dare not harm me. It would cost you too much."

"What do you mean to do?" he repeated.

"I wish you to go abroad at once. I have told you the game you are playing may mean ruin. Be content; you have done very well. Go abroad, and, unless I find it suits me better to remain, I will join you."

"You must!" he exclaimed.

"I dictate terms—not you," she observed calmly. "Be quite sure I shall take care of myself. If I find it suits me better to remain in England and marry the Squire, I shall do so."

"And what is to become of me?"

"I will give you the greater part of the money, for then I shall not require it. You can go away altogether, or, if you feel such deep affection for me that you cannot endure the separation, you can write from the antipodes and reappear in England as my wealthy uncle who has come to end his days in his native land. It will be such a pretty story. You can be so devoted to your niece, you know."

"I must have a hundred pounds, Adeline."

"You won't get it from me."

Finding bluster useless the man tried coaxing, then whimperingly reproached her.

"Have you no natural affection?" he asked.

"None whatever," Adeline replied curtly. "It died and was buried in America. Don't waste my time any longer. Take these ten pounds or leave them as you please—you'll get no more. And I won't have any more letters sent to the post-office. Use that brilliant talent of yours and send me some charming school-girl letters telling me where my dear friend is and what she is doing. Call her Mabel Burton—that name will do as well as any, especially as I never knew a Mabel Burton, so no awkward complications can arise. Good-bye!"

She turned to walk away when the man sprang after her and seized her arm.

"By heavens," he exclaimed, "you make me inclined to swear that I will——"

"I know," she replied defiantly—"you have sworn it before; but I know you care far too much for your own skin. Besides, what could you prove? I should swear that you never told me what the box contained. Don't be a fool, now! Go! I shall not see you again till we meet on the Continent."

Adeline walked away, and the man, after pausing a moment irresolutely, went off hastily in the direction of a neighboring village.

Dick, separating the branches of the surrounding bushes, stepped out into the path. His first impulse was to follow and overtake Adeline, his next to give her time to reach home first and see what she would be doing when he reached the house.

What this mystery was it was absolutely necessary to discover, and Dick felt like a detective on the track of some criminal. The strangest part of it all was that the voice of the red-bearded man seemed familiar to him, though the face he had never to his knowledge seen before.

Dick almost forgot his sister's guitar, and followed so slowly that Adeline had plenty of time to enter the house before he reached the orchard. He found her reclining on the sofa, her hand resting on the open pages of a book which lay on her knees, and she appeared a little startled by his return.

"Is any one hurt? Has anything happened?" she cried, half rising and passing her hand over her head with a gesture of bewilderment and pain.

"No—no one is hurt. Jo forgot her guitar, that is all."

Adeline sank back on the sofa again.

"You quite startled me," she observed faintly.

"I am sorry for that. Is your head no better?"

"I think it is a little better. I have had a nap, which seems to have done me good. I told Martha I thought I could sleep, and she has been very kind and so quiet."

"Can I do anything for you before I go?"

"No, thank you. Don't let me detain you."

Dick placed the guitar ready on the table and ran up-stairs to the bed-rooms, where he found Martha, who came towards him hastily.

"Mr. Dick, I've found her out!" she whispered eagerly. "She told me not to disturb her as she was going to sleep, so I went about my work as quiet as possible; but I just happened to look out of the window not ten minutes after, and there she was running along the path through the orchard, and she never stopped till she had managed to reach the plantation."

"I know all about it, Martha; I saw her in the wood. But there's more to find out, and we must hold our tongues and watch her. Above all, we must not worry mother and Jo. Don't let her see you know she went out. We must be as sly and clever as she is, or we sha'n't catch her. I must go now."

"Shall you join us later on?" Dick asked Adeline before leaving the house.

"If my head is better perhaps I may; but really I am quite unfit to join you now," she replied languidly.

Dick did not trust himself to speak again, so took up the guitar and went off in silence.

He was chaffed about the long time he had been absent, and asked if la belle cousine had sufficiently recovered from her headache to be the cause of the delay.

"Sorry I've been so long," he remarked, leaving the badinage unanswered. He knew she had been the cause of the delay, but in a far different manner from what they supposed.

Luncheon was over before Adeline joined them. She looked pale and fragile, but fresh and neat in her spotless white dress, with a large cool hat adorned only by a large bow of black ribbon most artistically arranged, and there was a quiet grace in all her movements that was very attractive.

"She is a very charming girl," Mr. Passy remarked to Jo.

"Glad you find her so. Just tell it to one of the men from the Land's End or John o' Groat's, will you, and I'll be grateful for ever!" was the smiling reply.

One thing was certain—the new comer was gradually eclipsing all the local luminaries. Katie Barnes had hitherto reigned with undisputed sway as the beauty, and both Walter and Herbert Powys had been at her beck and call, but now they had eyes only for Adeline. Even the gray-haired old Vicar and his portly wife were fascinated, and Gerald Passy quite forgot his other guests for a while.

Adeline was not by any means so pretty as Katie Barnes or Bessie Burbridge, the Vicar's daughter; but there was a style about her, a self-possession and calm assumption of being the most important person present, that somehow impressed everybody with a similar idea.

Before Adeline had arrived, Jo had sung one of her sweet old ballads that were always so greatly in request; but since Miss Wallingford's appearance on the scene the guitar lay unheeded until some reference to a Neapolitan improvvisatore caused Herbert Powys to ask Adeline if she sang.

"A little," she replied languidly.

"Oh, it's a shame to ask her when she has had such a headache!" remarked the Vicar kindly.

"I can try; my head is better now"—this with a charming smile. "You'll excuse me if it isn't quite up to the mark, won't you?"

Then, turning to Jo, Adeline asked sweetly—

"May I use your guitar, dear? Shall you mind?"

"Not at all," replied Jo, passing it to her at once. "Why, you never told us that you played it!"

"You never asked me"—and again Adeline smiled.

"Every one is not so fortunate as you," laughed Ned Burbridge. "Have you ever heard Dick's Dutch song?"

"Dick's Dutch song! Does he sing in Dutch?"

"He sings a song which he says is Dutch; if it is not, no one here can contradict him, unless you do."

"There's a charm about Dick's song," explained Colonel Barnes, laughing. "It is like the American story of the hams which the Dutchman is reported to have bought, he afterwards stating that they 'Vos done up in canvas putiful as nefer vos, so that he eat two, three, four of tem hams before he found out dey vos made of wood!' Sing it, Dick, for the benefit of Miss Wallingford," added the Colonel.

Dick picked up the guitar.

"You won't get more than a banjo accompaniment from me," he remarked, "so don't you expect it;" and, holding the guitar in position, but carefully refraining from sounding a string, although his fingers moved vigorously, he first imitated the twanging accompaniment, and then burst into song.

"'Mein fader ein stein rider,
Stein rider dish;
Mein muder ein shoo makker,
Selling der fish.
Oh, klein wein von rosen!
Ha, patch match der hosen!
Tra lahl, tra lahl!
Tra-la-la-la-la!'"

At home Adeline would probably have asked Dick in a withering manner if he really supposed that was Dutch; but now she wished to be agreeable, and joined heartily in the laugh that always greeted the song.

"The charm about it is its novelty," said the Colonel. "Dick always forgets the words, so we get them brand-new every time. We always have the tune and the same number of lines, but there is a delightful uncertainty as to the possible occupations of the members of the singer's family that is very attractive."

"Yes, that happens sometimes," Dick admitted calmly.

Adeline glanced at him.

"Did he mean anything?" she thought. "Had he seen anything when he returned for the guitar?" But his calmly unconscious face reassured her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

THE OSTRICH.—An ostrich will never go straight to its nest, but always approaches it with many windings and detours in order, if possible, to conceal the locality from observation.

MOSAICS.—Mosaic floors, laid with small pieces of different colored stones set in regular patterns, were known to the Egyptians 2300 B. C. In Babylon floors of this kind dated from 1100 B. C.

TUMBLERS.—Tumblers of nearly the same shape and dimensions as those employed to-day have been found in great numbers in Pompeii. They were of gold, silver, glass, agate, marble and other semi-precious stones.

HE MAY HAVE KEPT CHICKENS.—In Mr. Prothero's "Life of Dean Stanley" there occurs a little story which the Dean thought "very pretty." A lady was teaching a Sunday-school class about Dives and Lazarus, and asked if it were not bad of Dives not to give the crumbs to Lazarus. The scholars agreed that it was wicked, all save one small girl, who ventured to suggest—"Perhaps, ma'am, he kept chickens."

HOW SIR ISAAC DID IT.—Sir Isaac Newton was very fond of house pets. Everybody has read of his dog Diamond, but his cat and kitten are not so famous. In order to enable the pair to come into his study when they pleased, without giving him the trouble of rising to let them in, he had a large hole cut in the door for the cat, and a small one for the kitten! It required a philosopher to discover that the big hole would not do for the kitten also.

VERY OLD.—A tubular boiler 1800 years old has been discovered at Pompeii. It is made of sheet metal, probably copper, in the shape of a large amphora or two-handled jar, with a hollow space running half way up the centre of the jar. In this space was placed a cylindrical fire-box, resting on five fire-bars, which are tubes three-quarters of an inch in diameter, connecting with the water space. The fuel seems to have been charcoal.

A MONSTER.—Probably the largest snake that was ever killed on the American continent was that mentioned by Dr. Gardner in his book, "Travels in Mexico." The snake was dead when Dr. Gardner found it, and was lying in the forks of a tree with its body full of arrows, just as it had been left by the Indians who had dispatched it. It was dragged into an opening by the aid of four horses, and was found to measure 37 feet in length.

ETIQUETTE IN CHINA.—In matters of etiquette China is almost as original as she is in most other respects. State ceremonies which begin in England in the afternoon are finished there by ten o'clock in the morning. At the palace a theatrical performance begins at eight o'clock in the morning. Wrestlers and conjurers who appears before the Court are compelled to keep very early hours, or to stay up all night in order not to miss an engagement.

IRONS.—Smoothing irons were first used in France, and are supposed to have been a French invention, being introduced in the sixteenth century. After the introduction of starch, linens were first made smooth by pressure, being starched and placed between two boards. This being found not to give the best results, resort was next had to pressure with a cold flat-iron, and finally the iron was heated to impart the polish now considered indispensable.

NEW WAY TO FELL TREES.—Trees are now felled by electricity in the great forests of Galicia. For cutting comparatively soft woods, the tool is in the form of an auger which is mounted on a carriage, and is moved to and fro and revolved at the same time by a small electric motor. As the cut deepens, wedges are inserted to prevent the rift from closing, and when the tree is nearly cut through, an axe or hand saw is used to finish the work. In this way trees are felled very rapidly, and with very little labor.

RAPID GROWTH.—The most remarkable instance of rapid growth is said to be recorded by the French Academy in 1729. It was a boy 6 years of age, 5 feet 6 inches in height. At the age of 5 his voice changed, at 6 his beard had grown, and he appeared a man of 30. He possessed great physical strength, and could easily lift to his shoulders and carry bags of grain weighing 200 pounds. His decline was as rapid as his growth. At 8 his hair and beard were gray; at 10 he tottered in his walk, his teeth fell out, and his hands became palsied; at 12 he died with every outward sign of extreme old age.

VOICES OF THE HUMAN HEART.

BY T. B.

I felt the breath of the expiring year
Pass in the moaning breeze, and to my sight
Glistened each star as 'twere a frozen tear
Upon the mute and lonesome face of Night,
Time, in our breasts, that slumbers not nor sleeps,
Marks the faint moment of Eternity,
As ever round with rhythmic impulse sweeps
Some little eddy of the Life to be.

We look, and lo! afar doth stretch the deep
With ebb and flow amid the storm and calm,
Raising its thunderous praises to heaven's steep,
Or chanting to the shore a lowly psalm;
While in the ears that hear, from little hearts
That shrink and swell as with imprisoned love,
Steal o'er the silence of their inmost parts,
The nearer echoes of a Voice above.

IN SILKEN CHAINS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

DOWNSHIRE may be congratulated on the fact that Lord Lechmere has, by his engagement to Lady Sybil Delamoor, given the plainest proof of his desire to settle down. The match is an excellent one in every respect, for Lord Norman has already become extremely popular, and promises to be an admirable type of the county gentleman, and Lady Sybil is not only one of the reigning belles, but in every way fitted for the high position which her own and Lord Norman's future rank and importance in the county entitle them to.

So ran the paragraph in the principal society journal, and its sentiments were cordially echoed by all, except, perhaps, by those mothers with marriageable daughters, and the daughters themselves, who had cast longing eyes on the Chesney coronet. Everyone said that it was a good thing that the young lord should settle down, and a better that he had chosen a bride in his own county and from his own set.

Similar paragraphs appeared in the other papers devoted to social gossip and scandal; but Madge saw none of them, and knew nothing of the engagement, and, if she had, the knowledge would not have moved her.

The Lord Norman Lechmere, the returned prodigal, who had shown that he had forgotten her, had passed out of her life. That other Lord Norman, her boy lover, who had climbed up to her lattice to exchange love tokens and plight his troth to her, remained with her, but only as a dream—a dream most vividly remembered while the ring of the mallet and chisel wielded by Mr. Gerard's strange workman rang in her ears.

She could hear the melodious sound as she sat beside her grandfather, and it recalled the scene in the small garden and every incident of Lord Norman's boyish wooing.

She had met the sculptor on the stairs or in the hall almost daily since her grandfather's illness, and he always stopped and spoke to her and inquired after Mr. Gordon. He had repeated his request that she would sit to him, and Madge had promised to do so when her grandfather grew well enough for her to leave him.

He recovered very slowly, if indeed it could be called recovery, for when he regained strength sufficiently to allow of her bringing him into the sitting room, the doctor said that he was still too weak to manage a journey, and that he was "better where he was."

The old man leaned back in his chair beside the fire, and gazed into it with a kind of stupor, only rousing when Silas Fletcher paid his evening visit. Then his eyes would grow eager, and he would ask after the book in an anxious, quavering tone.

According to Mr. Silas, the book was going on all right, and in proof thereof he gave Madge several bank-notes; all advances, so he said, from his friend, the publisher.

Little wonder, seeing that his presence seemed the only thing that aroused and cheered her grandfather, that Madge grew insensible to wearisome his coming. And Mr. Silas was so watchful of himself that she took no alarm; though, careful as he was, the passion that consumed him often shone in his eyes as he ventured to glance at her face bent over her work; but Madge never happened to look up and catch the tell-tale expression, and was lulled into false security; and Mr. Silas, if not content, was patient. He felt that he was drawing the net closer, and that presently he should have her safely caught in its meshes.

One evening the crisis, so to speak, arrived. Mr. Silas came in rather later than usual, and Mr. Gordon only roused to ask a few questions about the book, and received Silas' encouraging assurances, and then sank into his usual stupor again.

Madge arranged the cushion behind him, and kissed him.

"Do—do you think that he is getting better?" she asked anxiously.

"Certain of it," said Silas promptly. "I can see the improvement every day. We shall soon be able to take him to the briny."

Madge looked up hopefully, grateful for the cheering words, though, as ever, the speaker's manner and voice jarred upon her.

"Oh, if I could think so!" she murmured, taking up her work, and looking not on it but at vacancy. "If I could only feel sure that he would get well and strong again!"

She brushed the tears from her eyes quickly, and tried to smile.

"I think London makes one nervous and dispirited," she said with a faint laugh. "I shall get back my old courage once we are in the country. And you think we shall be soon?"

He nodded.

"You can go the moment he's well enough," he said. "There is no difficulty about the—the money. You know my friend will advance——"

She looked up with a faint color in her face, a timid look in her lovely eyes.

"Mr. Silas, I—I wanted to speak to you about this money," she said. "I—I am not quite easy about it."

Silas started slightly.

"I am afraid that if we go on taking these advances, there will be nothing left to receive when the book comes out, and grandfather will be heart-broken. I have an idea," she laughed, almost brightly, but still with the timidity which made her seem just intoxicatingly bewitching in Silas' eyes. "I don't have many, so that I am proud of it. I want you to tell me this gentleman's name."

"His name?" said Silas, feeling rather dry at the back of his throat.

"Yes. I want to go and see him."

"Why?" he asked, with downcast eyes.

"I have a proposal to make to him. You know I have copied all the flowers for grandfather's book, and I want to ask your friend if I cannot earn some money by doing similar work for him."

"Oh, I don't think so!" said Silas. "Besides, what do you want to trouble for? You've got quite enough to do."

"No," said Madge resolutely. "I could do that kind of work quite easy and conveniently. Tell me his name and address, please!"

Mr. Silas felt himself growing cold and hot by turns. The hour had arrived, and though he had looked forward to it so often, he was quite unprepared to meet it.

"I don't think it would be any good," he said in a low voice, "but I'll see about it for you, if you've made up your mind."

"No," said Madge, with a faint smile, "I cannot let you take any more trouble for me, Mr. Fletcher. I will go and see him myself. It is time that I should learn some self-reliance; we have already trespassed too much on your good nature. You know how grateful I am——"

"Are you?" he broke in, lifting his eyes for a moment, then letting them fall again. "Do you think you are? Enough not to be angry with with me if—if I tell you the truth, Miss Madge?"

Madge put down her work in her lap, and looked at him.

"What do you mean? What truth?" she asked.

He leant across the table, and fidgeted with her scissors nervously.

"I may as well tell you now," he said, still with averted eyes. "The—the fact is, Miss Madge, I've—I've been deceiving you."

"Deceiving me?"

"Yes," he said, his voice growing hoarse. "Don't—don't look so hard, and for heaven's sake don't be angry with me. I—I couldn't bear that. I did it for your good and his." And he jerked his hand towards the sleeping man.

"What is it you have done?" said Madge quietly, but with a foreboding of coming trouble.

"I've deceived you about the book—I haven't sold it."

"Not sold it?"

"No," he said doggedly; "I couldn't dispose of it. No one would take it. I tried everybody—hush, don't speak," for Madge had risen and stood looking down at him. "Nobody wants that kind of work. It's—it's out of date, and—and quite valueless. They all say it, and I've seen everybody likely to take it. Wait a minute; hear me out. Put yourself in my place. I knew how the old man—and you—were counting upon it, and I hadn't the heart to tell you the truth. I did it for the best. Own that, Miss Madge!"

But Madge scarcely heard his appeal.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" broke from her lips as her eyes turned upon her grandfather.

"Don't—give way so!" implored Mr. Silas. "It isn't so bad——"

"It—it is ruin; it will break his heart!" she moaned, more to herself than to him. Then she looked at him, her lips quivering. "And—and the money you gave us, the money you said was advanced, that—that was yours?"

His eyes fell before hers.

"Yes," he assented, sullenly, "it was mine. And what of it? There's nothing in that to cry about. I suppose an old friend——"

She broke in with a sharp cry—

"Why—why did you do it?"

Even a worm will turn. Love, and even its counterfeit—passion—will inspire the veriest coward with courage. Mr. Silas flushed.

"Why?" he said, leaning across to her. "Why? You ask me that! Can't you guess? You ought to know, unless you've been blind. I did it to please you, to make things easy for you. I did it because—because I love you!"

Madge shrank back, breathing hard, and with an expression in her eyes which nearly goaded Mr. Silas to madness.

"I love you," he repeated huskily. "You know that. I've loved you ever since we were boy and girl together, there at Chesney, when you used to look at me as you're looking at me now. And why! Am I blind, crippled, deformed? What's the matter with me that you draw back as if I were a kind of reptile?"

Madge put her hand to her eyes, and leant against the table with her face turned from him.

"How do you think I could see you, and go on seeing you, without loving you?" he went on hoarsely. "Perhaps you don't know that you're beautiful, that your eyes go through and through a man, that your voice hangs about him and haunts him day and night, and that when he loves, as I love you, he hears it in his ears even when he's asleep."

He paused for breath, and pushed his lank, straight hair from his forehead, which was wet with perspiration.

"You must have known that I loved you, that I wanted to get you for my wife. I wouldn't believe it if you said you didn't."

Madge drew a long breath, and her lips opened; but she never said a word. Yes, if she had not been blind, she must have seen it? if she had not been so wrapped up, so absorbed in her grandfather, she must have known it.

"It's precious rough on me," he said, drawing a long breath. "You can't say I haven't behaved well. I've—I've proved a true friend to him—and to you." He jerked his head towards the old man again. "And—and if you'll only listen to me, and—and promise to be my wife, I'll stand by him through thick and thin till he dies."

Madge tried to repress a shudder.

"Look here," he went on, moistening his lips. "Why can't you try and—and like me, Madge? As I said, I'm not crippled or deformed, and"—he drew himself up, for in this the supreme moment of his life Mr. Silas really felt virtuous and high minded—"I'm not a bad sort of fellow. I'll make you a good husband, and—and I'll be as good as a son to him."

He knew that this was his strong card, and he played it for all it was worth.

"See here, Madge; if you don't care about yourself and what becomes of you, you might care about him, think for him."

A bitter sigh broke from her lips.

"You're—you're in a tight fix, you know; for I suppose after this you won't accept any coin from me."

She half turned to him, and her lips formed a "No!"

"Just so. Well, then, what's to become of you—him? The book is no good"—he flushed as he thought of the little heap of ashes he had reduced it to—"and there's no money in that idea of your's about copying flowers—not a penny. There's nothing you can do to earn a living. And you want money, must have money for the things he requires. He'd soon go off the hook if you knocked off his port and jellies, and the rest of it. And where's the money to come from to take him to the seaside when he's fit to go?"

She was silent. Her heart ached with anguish, but through her aching rose and grew the woman's desire for self-sacrifice.

Women as beautiful and young as she sacrificed themselves for rank and wealth. Why should she not sacrifice herself to save the life of the old man she loved so dearly?

Silas, watching her face with keen and burning eyes, marked the changes in it, and following his suit, so to speak, pushed his winning card under her eyes.

"Just think, Madge," he went on, coming a little closer. "We'll take him away from this beastly London. We'll go and live in a little cottage, with flowers all about it. He'll soon pull round in the fresh air. And as to the book; why, I'll publish it—we'll publish it at our own expense. He need never know. And perhaps it will be a success after all! Think of it, Madge. Marry me, and all will go right, your grandfather will get better, and we shall all be happy."

His voice broke, for he was deeply in earnest, was this mean souled villain, and he ventured to touch her arm with the tips of his long fingers.

It was an unfortunate thing to do, for, at his touch, Madge's spirit rose in revolt. He nearly lost her for ever.

"I—I cannot!" she panted, her hands strained together, her head thrown back.

He set his teeth hard to keep the oath back.

"Very well," he said, almost inaudibly. "You—you know best. I'm sorry that you hate me so much, that even to save his life—for that's what it comes to——"

'His life!" she panted.

"Yes," he said doggedly. "I will soon prove that. Knock off his port and the other luxuries——"

"But I can work! oh, I can work!" she answered.

Mr. Silas laughed, a jarring quavering laugh.

"What at?" he said. "Not you! You couldn't earn five shillings a week—to save your life and his! Look here, Madge," he went on, wisely repressing the desire to draw nearer to her, to touch her. "Let's understand one another. I don't ask too much. I—I know you don't love—care for me yet. I don't expect, I don't ask that. All I want is that you'll give me a kind of promise to try and like me, and—and be my wife. That's all I want. After all, it isn't much. I have put up with that all the time——"

"But—but I didn't know," she breathed despairingly.

"All right. Pretend you don't know now. Let's go on as we were. I'll be satisfied, or try to be. And—and presently you'll get used to the idea of marrying me, and——" He broke off, and caught at her arm. "Do you hate me so much that you'd rather see him die than marry me?" he demanded, hoarsely.

"No, no!" she gasped. "I—I cannot let him die! I—I will do as you ask me. Only—only—give me time! You said that I knew, but I did not! I—I did not. I thought you did all you did as a friend. Only give me time—please give me time!"

Mr. Silas's face cleared.

"I will—I agree," he said. "Don't—don't you upset yourself. You will get used to the—the idea soon. Think of the old man, and how happy we can make him. I'm a rich man—shall be a very rich man before I'm done. He shall have everything he wants, and——"

His hand slid down her arm to her hand, which he carried to his lips, and kissed fervently. Then, like a wise man, he left her.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NEXT morning, as Madge was coming in from her modest marketing, she met Mr. Gerard in the hall. He stopped, and took her hand.

"I am glad to see that you have been out," he said. "It proves that Mr. Gordon is better. But you look pale and weary," he added, with his keen glance. "Do you want taking out of yourself again?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Madge, with a sad smile and a sigh as she thought of last night's scene with Silas, and all she had promised.

The sculptor looked at his watch.

"Then come round to my studio after lunch and sit to me," he said. "Nothing cheers us up so much as doing a good turn to a fellow creature."

"I will come if grandfather is well enough for me to leave him," she said, and with a nod he passed on.

In the afternoon, leaving Tilda in charge, she went round to the studio. The sculptor was at work, and the girl whom she had seen on her previous visit was sitting to him. She turned her eyes slowly, impassively, on Madge, but took no further notice.

"I shall not be many minutes," said Mr. Gerard, without looking from his work.

Madge went to the window. The workman, Harry Richmond, was in the yard, not working at the moment, but moving a huge mass of marble on a trolly.

Madge looked at him with something like superstitious dread. The resemblance to Lord Norman, which she had often, since she had first seen him, tried to persuade herself was a mere fancy on her part, forced itself on her still.

She stood and looked at him, marvelling at the strange, extraordinary similarity in their faces and figures, and had almost lost herself in dreamland when Mr. Gerard spoke to her, and turning she found the model had gone.

"It was kind of you to wait," he said. "And if you will sit there, with the light on this side of your face—" He placed her quickly and deftly. "Thanks. Will you be very angry if I fail to do even slight justice to you, Miss Gordon."

"Very," said Madge, with her sad smile. "Why should you think that I am vainer than the rest of my sex?"

He looked at her for a moment in silence, then he said gravely and with averted eyes—

"I think you are the least vain of any woman or man I ever met."

Madge smiled again.

"Do you pay compliments to all your models, Mr. Gerard, or do you only do so when you want them to look pleased?"

He laughed, his short, brisk laugh.

"It depends," he said enigmatically, his dexterous fingers already at work with the clay. "Don't talk for a few minutes."

"I can sit silent for hours," said Madge.

His hands stopped instantly.

"Then please let me know when you are going to begin."

Madge laughed at this quick retort, and the sculptor bent his brows and regarded her with a curious touch of despair.

"You make a very perplexing and difficult model, Miss Gordon," he said.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because you have so many moods and so facile an expression. A minute or two ago I was going to represent you as 'Resignation,' and now——" he shrugged his shoulders. "Well, 'Sunshine after Rain' occurs to my mind. You see, we must keep to our catch-penny tricks. There is nothing the dear old stupid public likes so much as 'a good title.' It is more than half the battle. No one will glance at a 'Portrait of Mr. Smith,' but call it 'A Modern Hero,' or 'A Nineteenth Century Knight,' and everybody will rush at it. Oh, now, please smile again, or I shall have to make you into a 'Deep Thought.'"

He chatted on, beguiling her out of herself, and working with almost steady rapidity. He had never had a model one-half so lovely, so full of charm as this sad-faced girl with the smile and the laughter always so ready to break through the clouds; and he was in a fever of eagerness to get her into the clay.

He worked so absorbingly that for once he almost forgot that his model was human and capable of weariness, and he was awakened to the fact by a sudden sigh from the half-parted lips.

He started and looked at her.

"You are tired?" he said, with self-reproach.

"No, no!" she cried. And indeed the sigh was not an indication of weariness; it was drawn from her by the sound of the chisel and mallet which just then rang out upon the silence.

"I feel sure that you are," he said. "See, now, take a turn or two up and down the studio, and then come back. You will feel rested. I cannot let you off for to day, but—but—well, I have caught the idea, the ideal rather, and am loath to leave off."

"Indeed I am all right," she said; but she rose obediently and walked to the other end of the long room. As she stood looking at some statuettes the door opened, and a tall figure in a blouse entered.

It was Harry Richmond. Madge instinctively, with a kind of fear, drew back until she was almost hidden by a full-length stature.

The man held a piece of marble in his hand, and walked straight to the sculptor.

"This block is bad, sir," he said.

At the tone of his voice Madge's hand went to her heart as if something had touched it. It was the voice of her boy-lover—Lord Norman—grown into a man's.

"What did you say, Richmond?" asked Mr. Gerard, looking up.

"The block is too faulty to work," said Harry Richmond. "It is full of flaws, and ——" he stopped in the middle of the sentence, his eyes fixed on the clay model with a strange expression in them.

"What is the matter? Do you like it?" asked Mr. Gerard. At the same time he made a slight gesture with his hand to keep Madge from advancing.

"It is very beautiful," said Harry Richmond. His voice was low and gentle, a dreamy faraway look stole into his dark eyes. "Very beautiful! Is it a fancy sketch, or is it from life?"

"Which should you think?" asked the sculptor.

"I don't know," was the reply. "It is a face one might dream of, and yet——" He stopped and passed his hands over his eyes, which had not left the clay model since they first fell upon it.

"And yet?"

"I—I seem to know it," was the response, spoken in so low a voice that Madge could hardly hear it. "I suppose it is one of the models I have seen here."

"No, I think not. And if it were you would not have remarked her. You never notice any women, do you, Richmond?"

He shook his head.

"No," he said quietly; "they do not interest me. Since I lost my memory all women are alike to me."

He raised his eyes with a sad smile for an instant, then they dropped back to the clay model again.

"But this does, does it not?" asked the sculptor.

Harry Richmond passed his hand over his brow; it was a shapely hand, though so strong and used so unsparingly.

"Yes," he said in the same low voice, and with a half-painful glance at the sculptor's face, as if he were dreamily asking what it meant.

"That is strange," said Mr. Gerard, thoughtfully.

There was silence for a moment, then he said—

"This is the model of a young lady, a friend of mine, who lives in the same house. Would you like to see her? I think you shall. You can give me your opinion of the likeness; you have a good eye, Richmond."

He signed to Madge to come forward. For a moment she hesitated; then slowly moved towards them.

The man called Harry Richmond turned at the sound of her footsteps and looked at her; and as her eyes met his, Madge had hard work to repress the cry that rose to her lips.

For there, as it seemed to her, stood her boy lover grown into glorious manhood.

Something in her face, almost as pale as those of the statues around her, startled him, for his eyes flickered as if under a sudden flash of mid-day sunlight, and he took half a step forward. Then he stopped and looked from the lovely living face to the copy in the red clay.

"Well?" said Mr. Gerard.

A solemn silence, which seemed to stifle Madge, brooded over the studio. She felt as if she were dreaming.

"It is very good," said Harry Richmond. "Yes, it is like. It is——" he stopped, and his hand went to his brow again. "Will you tell me your name?" he asked, and his voice, though quiet enough—it trembled slightly—had the peculiar ring of unconscious command, which Madge remembered in Lord Norman; always the boy, Lord Norman.

She answered with difficulty, for her heart was throbbing with the emotion which this awful resemblance caused her.

"Yes," she said. "It is Madge Gordon."

"Madge—Gordon." He repeated the name softly, slowly, his eyes fixed on her face.

"Have you ever heard the name before?" asked the sculptor.

He started as if he had forgotton Mr. Gerard's presence, then, with so sad an expression, so sad and wistful in his eyes that stabbed Madge's heart, he shook his head.

"No," he said. "I have never heard it before."

Madge drew a long breath.

"I have told this lady something of your story, Richmond," said Mr. Gerard.

"Yes? It is a strange one, is it not?" he said, with a faint, grave smile.

"It is a very sad one," Madge faltered, and now tears sprang to her eyes.

He looked at her with the same wistfulness, then stretched out his hand as if to touch her.

"You are sorry for me!" he said, with a touch of grateful wonder. "You must have a gentle heart, Miss Gordon. But do not cry, please," he added. "It is not worth that! Oh, nothing is worth that. Besides, I am not"—he paused, and the word that followed left him reluctantly—"unhappy."

"Miss Gordon knows what trouble is, and is therefore sympathetic," said Mr. Gerard, stealthily working at the model quite unremarked by the other two. "She is anxious about her grandfather, with whom she lives alone, and whom she loves very dearly. He has been very ill—is ill still."

"I am very sorry," said the deep, grave voice, more gently even than before. "He has been ill? Do you—do you think?"—he paused, with a great, strong man's shyness.

"Well?" said the sculptor.

"Do you think he would let me see him?" faltered Harry Richmond. "Sometimes sick people like to see and talk with a stranger."

Mr. Gerard glanced up from his bust at Madge inquiringly.

She pronounced a "Yes!" with her lips.

"Miss Gordon thinks that he would," said Mr. Gerard.

A look of pleasure flashed across Harry Richmond's face.

"When may I go?" he asked.

Madge looked at the sculptor, and he smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"You may go now so far as I am concerned," he said with an artist's brusqueness. "I have finished with you to-day," addressing Madge, "and if I had not, it would be of no use your staying, for your face has taken to itself as many varied expressions as there are motes in a sunbeam. Perhaps Miss Gordon will let you go with her now, Richmond."

"Will you?" he asked with suppressed eagerness.

"Yes," said Madge. "My grandfather will be glad to see you."

He strode across the studio into an inner room, and Madge followed him with her eyes, then sank into a chair.

Mr. Gerard regarded her with a smile, a rather curious one.

"You seem to have taken to one another," he said. "At least, he is unusually friendly with you. As a rule, he is barely civil to your sex. No, that is not true either, for he is as courteous as a prince, but it is cold courtesy, nothing more. You are not afraid to go with him?"

"No, no; oh, no," said Madge in a low voice.

And, indeed, there was not a touch of fear of him in the conflict of emotions his presence aroused in her.

"You have no need to be. As I told you, he is quite sane——"

"Oh, yes! yes! yes!" Madge murmured almost indignantly.

"——And he is true and gentle—well, as a true gentleman, and there is nothing truer or gentler."

Harry Richmond re-entered the studio at this moment. He had washed his hands and face, and changed the blouse for his jacket, and looked simply a gentleman in a morning suit of rough tweed.

He stood hat in hand, erect, patient, courteously waiting till she should rise; and when she did so, he bowed to Mr. Gerard, and opened the door for her to pass out.

"To-morrow, if Mr. Gordon be well enough," the sculptor called after her.

They went into the street, and for a few yards in silence; Harry Richmond looking straight before him with a line of deep thought on his brow. But that he was not dreaming or lost to the consciousness of her presence was made manifest to herself. At the corner of Hart street, just as Madge was about to step into the road, a hansom cab dashed round with all a hansom's wild recklessness. Out went Harry Richmond's hand with the swiftness of a hawk, and held her back.

"Thank you," she murmured. "I wonder more people are not run over than there actually are."

"There are quite enough as it is," he said. "Do you go out alone often?"

She could feel his dark eyes resting on her as she answered—

"Yes, always. I have no one but my grandfather, and he is too ill and weak to leave the house."

"Quite alone?" he said, almost to himself.

"You, too, are alone," she found herself saying, ere she knew it.

"Yes," he smiled. "But that is different. I am a man and can take care of myself."

"And I, too, though I am a woman," said Madge.

"Yes," he said, "I can believe that you are full of courage. But, all the same, it is not good to be alone, I know. I have been solitary for so long. I have no friend in the world but Mr. Gerard; he is a fine fellow, is he not?"

Madge assented in a low voice. Every word this strange man uttered seemed to wake an echo in her heart. She found herself longing for him to go on speaking to her.

"How crowded the streets are. Do you like London?"

"No," said Madge, with a faint shudder. "But it is a grand place, and I can well imagine some persons being proud of it. But I know so little of it, I have always lived in the county."

"Yes," he said, looking at her with deep interest. "Will you think me intrusive if I ask where?"

"In Downshire, at a place called Cheney Chase," she replied, lifting her eyes to his face as if she expected to see him start and exclaim with surprise; but, after a moment of apparently deep thought, he said, quite calmly—

"It is a pretty name. I have never heard it before."

Madge sighed with an unreasonable feeling of disappointment.

"Why did you sigh?" he asked, with quiet sympathy.

Madge flushed.

"I—I don't know. This is where we live."

She opened the door with her latch-key, and he followed her up the stairs.

Mr. Gordon was lying back in his chair, with his eyes closed.

"I see you have got the tea ready; will you bring another cup, Tilda?"

Tilda retired—almost backward; and Madge flung her jacket and hat on the couch, and went to the fire to see to the kettle.

Harry Richmond followed her, and, pushing her hand gently back, said—

"Allow me, please. May I?" He lifted the kettle and poured the water into the teapot in the most approved fashion. "Not too much water at first," he said.

Madge looked up at him.

"You are quite an adept," she said.

"Am I? Well, I have lived alone so long, you see. Now, it must stand on the hob for just five minutes, must it not? Let me put it there, please." He looked round the room. He had not, as Silas would have done, made a minute inventory of it the moment he entered. "How pretty and comfortable it is," he said with a faint sigh, and rather to himself than her; "one would know at a glance that a lady reigned within it. Oh, I beg your pardon!" His eyes fell, and the color rose to his tanned face. "I do beg your pardon most humbly. I am so used to talking to myself for want of a better listener that—"

"There is no need to beg my pardon," she said, all her being throbbing at his low-spoken words, his deep musical voice. "See, my grandfather is waking."

The old man stirred and opened his eyes, let them wander from one face to the other unintelligently for a moment, then he clutched the chair, and, leaning forward, exclaimed with feeble energy and indignation—

"What—what does he do here? Lord Norman!"

Madge turned pale, and putting her arm round him, drew him gently back to his cushions.

"Hush, hush, dear!" she whispered. "It is a mistake. This gentleman is not Lord Norman. His name is Richmond."

The old man gazed at the handsome face for a good minute, then gradually doubt took the place of dislike and anger, and he closed his eyes.

"I thought it was Lord Norman. I—I beg his pardon. How do you do—— What name did you say, Madge?"

"Richmond; Harry Richmond, sir," said the young man. "I am sorry I startled you. Miss Gordon was good enough to permit me to call on you. I will go and——"

"No, no!" said the old man, with quivering voice. "Don't go. Stay, please. We we have so few friends. Stay. He may stay, Madge, eh?"

Almost unconsciously Madge held out her hand, as if in appeal, and Harry Richmond inclined his head consentingly.

"What was it he called me?" he asked her in a low voice.

Her lips quivered.

"Lord Norman—Lechmere," she said, looking up at him as she knelt beside the fire to reach the toast.

He repeated the name quite calmly, but with a slightly puzzled frown. "But why?" he asked.

"I—I don't know!" she faltered. "He has been ill, and is still weak, and sometimes he wanders when he wakes suddenly, as now."

She paused a moment.

"You—you never heard the name before?"

"Of this Lord Norman—what was it—Lechmere?" he replied. "No, never!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

If the hair is falling out and turning gray, the glands of the skin need stimulating and color food, and the best remedy and stimulant is Hall's Hair Renewer.

OUR YOUNGER DAYS.

BY M. A.

Our younger days! oh, they were fair,
So 'reft of every burdening care;
Swift golden minutes! rosy hours!
Filled up with sunshine and with flowers.

Our younger days! Are we so old
That faith should die, and hope grow cold?
So aged that we cannot see
The joy-blooms on the cypress tree?

Are we too old to know and feel
That what seems woe shall yet be weal?
That what seems strife shall yet be peace,
And poverty but rich increase?

The time shall come, if we but run
The race with joy, beneath the sun,
That we shall bask in heaven's bright rays,
And live again our younger days!

A LIFE REDEEMED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII—(CONTINUED.)

MR. CHANDOS could have laughed outright, but he kept a perfectly serious countenance.

"Certainly," said Mr. Chandos, "I will explain the whole matter to him. I'm very sorry you should have to rush off, and on so unpleasant business."

St. Aubyn didn't want Mr. Chandos Armitage's sympathy.

"Thanks," he said coldly, and with a nod; but, with no offer of his hand, he strode on.

Mr. Chandos turned into the wood, stood up under a tree, and indulged in the luxury of a free, unrestrained chuckle. It all seemed so plain to him as he recalled St. Aubyn's unconcealed devotion to Lyra. She had decided to fly from Dane, but not alone. No, she was going to take St. Aubyn with her!

To any other man—or woman—who knew Lyra, the idea would at once have appeared preposterous; but the evil are only too ready to suspect the existence of evil in others, and Mr. Chandos would have been quite ready, if required, to stake his life upon the correctness of his hypothesis.

Yes, that was it. Lyra, seeing that she must leave Dane, had bolted with Lord St. Aubyn.

"And I thought last night that she was so terribly cut up that I almost pitied her. Lord! what deceitful creatures women are!"

Thus, as he pondered over the situation, his brain began to glow. Lyra fled, Dane would not be likely to marry again! He, Chandos, would be Earl of Starminster after all!

He forgot the train as he paced up and down, his face flushed, his eyes blinking with pleasant satisfaction. Really, Fate was dealing very kindly with him—very. He lit a cigarette with some difficulty, and enjoyed himself amazingly for a quarter of an hour, then he brought himself back "to business."

He must go to the house and see the drama played out, that was certain. Putting on his usual soft, sleek, contemplative smile, the smile which always suggested sonnets and odes to his female admirers, he walked through the park and entered the hall.

"Is Lord Dane in?" he was asking, blandly, when he heard the clatter of horse's hoofs, and Dane rode up.

"Hallo, Chandos!" he said, very much more pleasantly than he had greeted him a few days before. "Turned out wet, hasn't it? I've had a soaker." And he stood on the steps and shook himself, as he had shaken himself that day of the storm up the Yaw Valley. "You look wet, too."

"Yes. I have been walking, and looked in on my way back to ask after Lady Dane."

Dane nodded. He forgot his dislike for Chandos in his appreciation of the little attention. Through Lyra was always the nearest way to Dane's heart.

"Thanks! I hope to find her much better; she was rather tired this morning. Come in!"

"I am so sorry," said Mr. Chandos, meekly, as he followed Dane into his own den. "I'm afraid the presence of a visitor——"

"Oh! that's all right," said Dane, pulling off his boots. "It wasn't that. I hope she'll be down to night. I've been away all day. Just wait, will you? If she is not able to dine with us I'll ask you to stay, and we'll have a bachelor's dinner."

"Oh, will you?" thought Mr. Chandos, but he looked very grateful and pleased.

"I must go and change," he said. Dane, humming a tune—that kiss of Lyra's was not yet forgotten!—tossed him a box of cigarettes. "Wait a minute or two," he said, I'll go and inquire."

Chandos lit a cigarette with rather a tremulous hand. Was the storm going to break already? Would there be time for St. Aubyn to get off by that train before Dane was on his track?

Dane went up the stairs, and met Lyra's maid in the corridor that ran around the upper portion of the hall.

"How is your mistress?" he asked eagerly.

"I've not seen her ladyship since lunch, my lord," she replied. "She was asleep then, and I think she has fallen asleep again, for she did not answer when I knocked just now. I trust that she is asleep, my lord."

Dane nodded and went on. He stopped at Lyra's room, and knocked at the door softly, then, receiving no answer, opened it. The light was fading, but he saw Lyra's gown where she had thrown it on the bed, and thought that she was lying there.

He took a few steps into the room, then stopped. Of late, Lyra had started as he approached; he would not wake her suddenly and startle her. He closed the door after him, and went downstairs to Chandos.

"She is asleep, I am glad to say. I don't think I will let her come down to dinner to night. You'd better stay. I'll send to the inn for your things," and taking Chandos' acceptance as a matter-of-course, he gave directions to the footman to show Mr. Chandos to a room, and to send to the inn.

The dress clothes came in due course, and Mr. Chandos exchanged his wet walking suit for them. He felt chilled and apprehensive, and longed with a longing beyond words for a good stiff glass of neat brandy. The dinner-bell rang and he went down, and a few minutes afterwards Dane entered the drawing-room. "Hallo," he said, "where is St. Aubyn? Is Lord St. Aubyn down yet?" he inquired of the butler.

"Lord St. Aubyn is not in the house, my lord," was the reply. "His lordship has not been in all day.

Dane grew momentarily serious, then his face cleared.

"We won't wait," he said. "He will be in directly, and he hates to have dinner kept waiting for him."

The two men went in to the dining-room and the meal commenced. Dane was in the best of spirits—for the first time since her illness his darling had given him back kiss for kiss!—and listened with wonderful patience to Mr. Chandos' account of the pictures in the gallery at Madrid.

"What the deuce made you go there?" he said once, and Mr. Chandos colored and started. "And why didn't you write to someone? We all thought you were dead."

Mr. Chandos took a long draught of wine, and laughed feebly. All the time Dane and he had been talking; he had been listening "with his third ear," as the Italians say, waiting for the moment of the discovery of Lyra's flight, and when Dane rose and said "Excuse me a moment," he set his wine glass down so suddenly that it snapped at the stem.

Dane laughed as he left the room.

"I wouldn't give much for your nerves!" he said. He would have given less if he could have seen Mr. Chandos' face during the suspense of the next few minutes, in the interval between Dane's exit and his re-entrance with the letter in his hand.

White to the lips, with an awful look in his face, Dane stood with his back to the door, looking, not at Chandos, but beyond him into vacancy.

"My God, what is the matter?" Chandos faltered out.

Dane did not seem to hear him, but still stood, his back to the door, as if to prevent anyone entering. The servants had left the room after the placing of the dessert, and the two gentlemen were alone.

"What is it?" gasped Chandos, his terror passing very well for surprise.

Dane put his hand to his brow and staggered to the table.

"She has gone!" he said, more to himself than to Chandos. "Gone!"

"Gone?" stammered Chandos. "Who—who?"

Dane let his head fall upon his breast and groaned. Great drops of sweat stood on his brow, his lips writhed, his face was convulsed. Mr. Chandos thought that the stricken man would have a fit, and, with a trembling hand, poured out some wine and held the glass to him.

Dane took it mechanically, and as mechanically set it on the table. Then he rose from the chair and confronted Chandos.

"Do—do you know of anything?—do you? Oh, gracious! am I mad or dreaming? Lyra—my Lyra—gone, left me!"

Someone—one of the servants—turned the handle of the door. Dane signed to Chandos, and he ran forward and turned the key.

"What—what on earth do you mean? What are you talking about?" he asked, shivering.

Dane held out the note to him, but as Chandos went to take it he drew his hand back.

"No, no!" he cried, in a kind of jealous rage. "You shall not see it! It is from her to me—me alone! Why do you stand gaping there? Why don't you do something?"

He fell into the chair and dropped his head on his hands, unconscious that the note had fallen from his fingers.

Mr. Chandos stole up and stealthily picked it and read it. It ran thus—

"I am going for ever. I cannot stay. Do not think too badly of me. Pity and forgive me."

There was no signature, not even "Lyra."

Mr. Chandos laid the note on the table.

"C—calm yourself, Dane," he stammered. "Perhaps some of the servant——"

Dane raised his head and looked at him.

"Why has she gone?" he asked—not of Chandos, but himself.

Chandos ventured to play a card—very nervously.

"Perhaps—perhaps Lord St. Aubyn could tell us," he said hesitatingly; "they were such great friends——"

Dane did not grasp the hideous insinuation for a moment; then, as it dawned upon his bewildered benumbed brain, he sprang to his feet and seized Chandos but his hand fell even as is was raised to strike him to the ground, and he burst into a hoarse laugh.

"You miserable cur!" he said, almost quietly; "you don't know her, you don't know him, or you would laugh as I do at such a suggestion. Lyra!—St. Aubyn!—the purest woman on God's earth; the most honorable of men!" He laughed aloud.

"I—I suggested nothing!" faltered Chandos, rubbing the part of his arm which Dane clutched. "I only said he might know. They were great friends, weren't they? They were like brother and sister——"

Dane looked at him—a strange look.

"Go on," he said hoarsely.

"That's all," said Chandos. "I wish I'd asked St. Aubyn where he was going and when he'd come back.

"When did you see him? where?" demanded Dane.

"I saw him going to the station. Let me see—what time was it? Just before the six o'clock train, I think; but I'm so confused and upset——"

"Going to the station?" said Dane. "Are you sure? Why should he be going there? Why didn't he come back to dinner?"

Mr. Chandos shook his head meekly. "Don't you know?" he said. "Hasn't he left any message for you?"

Dane did not answer; the insinuation conveyed in the question was working its way in a subtle fashion.

"D—— you!" he cried, in an agony of passion. "Speak out! Do you dare to hint——"

Then he stopped, and broke into a wild desperate laugh.

"We are both playing the fool!" he exclaimed hoarsely, wiping the sweat from his wet face. "I can see it all. It—it's as plain as a pikestaff. An attack of hysteria has seized her, and she has gone to Dosie's! I ought not to have let Mrs. Leslie go. My poor darling! My poor darling! He strode to the bell.

Mr. Chandos ventured to touch his arm.

"What—what are you going to do?"

"Order the carriage, and drive to Castle Towers," said Dane, almost calmly.

"I—I wouldn't," stammered Chandos. "If—if I were you I should keep the affair quiet till—well—till the morning. If—if anything should be wrong——"

Dane set his teeth hard.

"See here, Chandos," he said, "I'm not in the mood to be patient. I'm very much upset—naturally—by my wife's illness—and—oh, my God!" He broke off with a cry of agony. "I must do something. I must have her in my arms, safe in my arms before morning, or I shall go mad!"

He rang the bell as Mr. Chandos unlocked the door.

"The break and pair," he said. "Her ladyship has gone to Castle Towers"—a happy idea struck him—"Lady Theodosia is worse."

In less than half an hour he was driving through the night, at desperate speed, towards Castle Towers—and away from Lyra.

St. Aubyn got into the train very reluctantly, for notwithstanding the urgency of the telegram he felt a strange unwillingness to leave Highfield. Strange, because he had no special reason for his reluctance beyond his desire for Dane and Lyra's company—that is, no reason he could formulate. But there was something untangible, something vague and unsubstantial which weighed on his mind, and made him uneasy. It was something more than the strange expression in Lyra's eyes, the singular tone of her voice, while she had been speaking with him at breakfast.

It haunted him, and made him uncomfortable almost to the point of wretchedness, as he leant back in the carriage and smoked the strong Cavendish, which he favored. He reached the junction and got out to wait for the train that would take him across country to his own station. It was still raining—one of those miserable nights which even in summer remind us that in England, though so highly favored in other respects, there is absolutely no climate.

Howford is a wretched station, one of those which are a disgrace to the period of the nineteenth century. It was draughty, and not over clean. There was a miserable apology for a waiting-room, and a still more miserable refreshment-room.

St. Aubyn went into the latter and asked for a cup of coffee, and the young lady behind the bar eyed him, for a moment, more in sorrow than in anger, and then informed him that there was none, but that he could have "anything else."

; St. Aubyn, who had no desire to be poisoned with bad wine or worse spirits, went out and paced the cold and draughty platform. As he did so he glanced through the glass, then stopped.

A lady was sitting there—a lady in a dark dress and wearing a thick veil. And it actually seemed to him that there was about her—her figure, or her pose as she leant forward with her hands clasped in her lap—something like Lady Dane.

He walked on and smiled at the idea.

"I'll tell her about it when I get back. Perhaps it will make her laugh," he said. "It is a long time since she has laughed," and he sighed involuntarily. So absurd did the idea seem—that a solitary woman at Howford Junction should be like the peerless Lyra—that he purposely refrained from bestowing another glance at the waiting-room as he paced to and fro.

His train came up at last. There appeared to be no other passengers beside himself, for the lady did come out of the waiting-room as the train drew up; and he was getting into the smoking-car, the door of which a sleepy and sulky porter opened for him, when he heard him say—

"Yarnstaple, ma'am? Yes; change at Tedford," and looking out, he saw the lady get into the next carriage. He was leaning back against the cushion when he heard a voice say—

"My bag!"

He sat for a moment spellbound. Then he sprang to his feet. It was Lyra's voice!

"Great heaven!" he said aloud. "What an extraordinary thing! She is not only like her, but has her voice."

Obeying the impulse of the moment, he leapt from the carriage and snatched from the porter's hand the bag he had fetched from the waiting.

"I'll give it to the lady," he said, and as the train moved on, he got into the same carriage.

"Here is your bag——" he began, but a faint cry stopped him. She had shrank from him, with her hands held out, as if to keep him back.

He caught the hands and bent forward to look into her face. The light was, of course, bad, but he recognized her.

"Goo heavens!" he exclaimed. "Lyra—Lady Dane!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LYRA uttered a low cry, and tried to take her hands from St. Aubyn's grasp, but he held them tightly, and continued to look at her in silent amazement. It did seem to him incredible that she should be there alone.

"Lady Dane!" he said at last. "Is it possible? How did you come here? Why

are you here alone? Where is Dane?"

Lyra sank into a corner, and hid her face in her hands.

St. Aubyn did not know what to say or do. He could scarcely yet realize the fact of her presence.

"Has anything happened? Have you heard bad news?" he asked gently and anxiously.

"Yes!" she breathed, "something has happened."

"You have been sent for by some relation who is ill?" he suggested. "Why has not Dane come with you? You ought not to be traveling alone; but perhaps your maid is in another carriage?"

Lyra shook her head.

"No? Forgive me, Lady Dane, but—but I am terribly anxious. Will you not tell me what has happened?"

"I—I cannot," she said in a low, almost inaudible voice. "I—I have left Highfield."

She could not bring herself to pronounce Dane's name.

"Left Highfield!" echoed St. Aubyn in amazement. "Left—great heaven, I must misunderstand you!" He looked at the dark dress, the thick veil which she still kept down. "Why have you left Highfield and at this hour of the night?"

"I—I cannot tell you," she replied. "Don't ask me. Leave me."

St. Aubyn shook his head.

"Leave you, and alone! That is impossible," he said. "Lady Dane, you are in trouble of some sort. Will you not tell me, confide in me?"

"No," she said, as if she were desperate. "I can confide in no one. I am in trouble, yes; but no one can help me."

"Not even Dane?" he said in a low grave voice.

She put her hand to her eyes.

"Not Dane," she murmured.

He thought a moment.

"Have you quarreled?" he asked. "But that is an absurd question.

She shook her head.

"No; oh, no, no!"

"I know that could not have happened," he said. "What is it then? Whatever it is, it must have occurred quite recently. You—you were all right and happy this morning, were you not?" he asked, as the remembrance of the expression of her and the tone of her voice at breakfast flashed upon him.

"Happy!" she echoed with intense misery. "Happy! In all the world there is not one so unhappy, so wretched as I am, and have been!"

The confession was forced from her, and startled him by the intensity of its despair.

"Great heaven!" he murmured; "and you will not tell me?"

She shook her head.

"At least tell me where you are going?"

"To London," she said.

"But this train does not go to London," he said.

She put her hand to her head. It was evident to him that she did not know it, that she scarcely knew where she was going.

"You were going to London, to friends!" he said. "But you cannot reach it by this train, and for hours to come. What will you do? Lady Dane, I beg, I implore you, if you cannot confide in me to let me take you back home!"

"No, no!" she panted. "I cannot. It is too late. I can never go back. Oh, believe that, and—and do not ask me any more questions. Leave me."

"Yes, I must ask you one more," he said. He paused, then went on in a low voice, full of suppressed emotion; his eyes fixed on hers, which gleamed through the veil. "And, Lady Dane, do you know why I feel that I have a right to ask you? Do you remember when we were talking of friendship between man and woman, and you let me say that I hope to prove myself your friend?"

She made a gesture of assent with her head.

"It is a sacred word, but it does not go far enough to describe my feelings. Lady Dane"—he paused—"do you remember the first day we met? I came into your presence unwillingly enough. I was a woman hater. I had suffered the cruelest wrong that a man can suffer at the hands of a woman. I had a wife whom I loved"—his voice grew hoarse and broken—"but you know my story. It is all too common. The day she left me I cursed her and all her sex. The face of a woman, no matter how beautiful it was, was but to me the mask worn by a devil. I think that I would not have stretched out my hand to save one of them from a painful death. You see I speak plainly. That day I came up into the balcony, there at Rome, and saw you, I wished that I had pretended not to see Dane, my old and tried friend, and gone on my way. You were to me just one of the sex I hated, and I meant to go as quickly as possible and get out of your way. But I stayed. I saw you again and again, and gradually, but surely, a change was wrought in me. My eyes were opened, and I saw what a fool and cur I was to deem all women bad because one had proved vile."

He paused.

"You had wrought that change in me. It was the charm of your goodness which had performed that miracle on my blindness. It was the influence of your presence that restored me to my faith in womanhood."

Lyra, motionless and pale, looked at him with sad wondering eyes.

"I cannot tell you when the charm began to work on me. I only know that soon I felt as a man feels who fears to leave the rock upon which he has climbed out of the deadly clutch of the sea. I felt that if I left you, if I removed myself from your influence, I should sink back into the life of hate and distrust which was worse than death."

Lyra stared with a troubled sense of awe.

"You were unconscious of all this. I know that, I have known it all the time. I myself for a long while did not discover that I had learned to get back my trust in woman because I had learned to love you."

Lyra uttered a faint cry.

"You did not shrink from me," he said. "That is right. You have no need to. I loved you. I love you still. I shall love you till I die; but it is with a love of which I am not ashamed, for it has never for one instant bred an unworthy thought of you; and—what is it the man in the play says, 'as some saint niched in cathedral aisle.' Yes, that is it. Lady Dane, you are just as sacred to me; something sweeter and holier than a sister. I would have laid down my life for you, and I would as willingly have died for Dane, your husband."

His dark eyes shone with the fervor which might have beamed from the eyes of the purest of King's Arthur's knights. She did not skrink, but an infinite pity welled up in her heart, and the tears came into her eyes. She had shed none for herself!

"I would tell you all this if Dane were sitting beside us," he went on in a low voice that thrilled her by its earnestness. "I think sometimes that he must have seen into my heart and known how it was with me. Lady Dane, my happiness is only to be found by your and Dane's side. I said to myself—ah! and how often have I held self-communion on the subject—that if you would accept my friendship, if you would let me see you, share, as a spectator, in your happiness, I should be well content to let the dead past bury its dead and live only for you and him. I thought"—his voice grew very low and solemn—"that in the coming time there would be others—your children—little ones having the look of your eyes, the tone of your voice—whom I could love, and whose love I could win in return, and I have said to my tempest-tossed soul, 'Wait and be patient. There is a life of love, pure love unstained by passion, before you. Be content to be her friend, their friend, knowing that your love has won a corner of their hearts for you.'"

The tears were running down Lyra's face. She put up her veil with a trembling hand; then extended the hand to him. She could not speak.

He took the hand, held it for a moment, and pressed it to his lips before he laid it in her lap.

"Oh, I am not worthy—not worthy!" she faltered brokenly.

"Not worthy?" He smiled. "To me you have always been the best, the truest-hearted woman in all the world. You are still——"

"No, no, not now!"

"Yes, now!" he said almost fiercely. "Do you think that I suspect you of evil? You? I would as soon suspect one of the angels in heaven! I find you here alone, flying from your home, but I know that the trouble is not of your causing. I know that you have been sinned against, not sinning. I have looked into your eyes, and they are still true and untainted." He clenched his hand. "I know the other look! I have seen it too often. I remember it as it shone in the eyes of my false wife. No, Lady Dane, others might think ill of you, but my love for you gives me the power of reading you as I read this paper. I should believe in you though all the world were against you. And now will you not trust me, confide in me?"

"I cannot," she said once more. "You must leave me, Lord St. Aubyn. We must part, never to meet again."

"Pardon me!" he said, "I should be loath to desert any woman in her hour of need; I am not likely to leave you. Wherever you are going I will take you safely. What do you think Dane would say to me if I were to desert you, leave you, alone and unprotected?"

She wrung her hands.

"There is only one place I can go to," she said. "The man said the train went to Yarnstaple—— She stopped as if she did not wish to tell him any more.

"Very well," he said, "we will go to Yarnstaple. You have friends there? We will find them. Now, will you not try and get some sleep?" he added gently. "I will not talk to you; indeed, I will leave you at the next station, and have the carriage locked and reserved for you."

She tried to thank him, and closed her eyes. It was evident to him that she was very near physical and mental exhaustion. He went to the further corner and looked out of the window.

What he should do he did not know. At any rate he would not leave her—could not.

When the train drew up at the next station he got out quietly, for he thought she was asleep, and went for the guard, found him, and was coming back to the car to have it locked, when a woman opened door and got in.

Lord St. Aubyn touched her arm.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To Yarnstaple, sir," she replied. "Isn't this right?"

"Quite right," said St. Aubyn. "You don't mind having the door locked and car reserved?"

He got into the next car and lighted his pipe, thankful that Lyra had a woman to keep her company.

The train moved on slowly; but Lyra still lay in a kind of half stupor for some minutes, then she awakened and sat up and put her veil back. As she did so the woman on the opposite seat looked at her, then gave a cry of astonishment and pleasure.

"Miss Lyra—is it you, Miss Lyra? Oh, I beg your pardon—I mean your ladyship."

Lyra stared at her wildly, then gasped, "Mary!" and clutching her arm clung to her old servant.

Mary was speechless with suppressed delight for a moment, then she broke out into exclamations.

"Lor, miss—I mean, my lady—I can't scarcely b'lieve my eyes. I feel quite amazed! To think as it should be you a setting there, and I did not know it; but it was the veil and the plaguey light! And I was in such a stew a-thinking that I'd perhaps got into the wrong train after all, and the door locked! But——" She broke off, looking hard and anxiously at Lyra's white, worn face. "Is—is anything the matter, miss—I mean my lady? Dear, dear, it's so hard to remember that you're married, and a great lady! Are you ill, Miss Lyra? Is—is——" She looked at the dark dress. "Is anyone dead?"

"No," said Lyra, trying to retain her composure, but trembling. "No one is dead, and—and I'm not ill, but I am in great trouble, Mary."

"Trouble, miss? Oh, I'm so sorry! And where are you going, and all alone? But you're not alone now Miss Lyra, thank goodness. Lor! to think that I should meet you in a train, and that I have only been on the railroad once before in my life; and wouldn't be now but that my old grandmother was ill and sent for me. She keeps a shop at the place where I got in, and is very well off, and so, ingenuously, I felt bound to go; not that I want her money or am one to wait for dead men's shoes, or women's either. But, lor! how I do go on, and you in trouble, and waiting to tell me all about it. Don't 'ee mind me, Miss Lyra—I mean my lady."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REMITTANCE MEN.—"Remittance men" is a term applied in British Columbia to sons of Englishmen sent there to learn farming. "They go about in knickerbockers, big shoes, cloth caps and eyeglasses, painting things red as long as their remittances last. For two weeks before the next check arrives they keep quiet, because they have no money for making a noise."

A CONSTANT COUGH WITH FAILING Strength and Wasting of Flesh, are symptoms denoting Pulmonary organs more or less seriously affected. You will find a safe remedy for all Lung or Throat-ails in Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant.

Scientific and Useful.

BRANDING.—The Arizona Indians have a peculiar and effective way of branding animals. The brand is made of steel, with a knife edge. It is fixed on the head of an arrow and shot with a bow at the animal to be branded with such force that it cuts the mark in the hide.

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—Take two parts common soda, one part of pumice-stone, and one part of finely powdered chalk; sift it through a fine sieve, and mix it with water; then rub it well over the marble, and the stains will be removed; then wash the marble over with soap and water, and it be as clear as it was at first.

VARIETIES OF SHOCKS.—If a train, moving at the speed of twenty-five miles an hour, were suddenly stopped, the passengers would experience a shock equal to that of falling from a second-floor window; at thirty mile an hour, they might as well fall from a height of three pairs of stairs, and an express train would, in point of fact, make them fall from a fourth story.

IN BELGIUM.—A useful plan has been devised by the Belgian railway companies for the benefit of country visitors and others in large towns. In Brussels and elsewhere one can now buy goods in any of the shops and have them forwarded direct to any of the railway stations, there to be delivered to the purchaser when starting on his homeward journey. Books of tickets are issued at a penny apiece to the tradesmen. When buying an article which is to be sent to a station, the purchaser has one of the tickets given to him, and on his presenting it at the station the goods delivered are delivered to him by the railway luggage clerk, when he can arrange for their forwarding to their destination, or take them with him by hand.

Farm and Garden.

FRUIT.—The time has passed when fruit and vegetables can be sold by the appearance of the specimens on the top. Shippers may rely upon it that all barrels and boxes are inspected by the commissions merchants and the customers. They have been taught by experience to be cautious.

FOWLS.—The heavier breed of fowls should roost on the floor and so prevent crooked breastbones. Put a foot or more of straw on the floor of the hen-house and pour some dust and ashes among it. Then every night throw some small grain for which the fowls will scratch and thus cause a dust which will destroy any stray vermin.

FEEDING.—There is a loss in indiscriminate and ignorant feeding, and this sadly lessens profits. There are no inflexible rules, for each animal has its own nature. Keep it in appetite and health, varying on occasion. As a rule an animal requires three pounds of food, not counting the moisture, daily, for each hundred pounds of live weight.

TREES.—Old trees should be pruned carefully. Not a twig or unprotected branch should be left inside. Fruit that ripens close to the trunk of a tree seldom attains perfection. The tree should be trained so that all of the fruit is exposed to the sun, and then it will ripen all alike. A good apple tree should be outspread like an umbrella. Keep the grass from growing around the trunks of such trees; manure them occasionally, and good crops of fruit will be the result.

SUB-IRRIGATION.—Reports from all sections of the country are favorable to subirrigation on small plots. By the use of windmills sufficient water has been stored in small reservoirs to supply all the needed moisture for vegetables and small fruits. Experiments during the past year have added much valuable information on the subject, and it looks bright for market gardeners in the future. If they can obtain a supply of water whenever desired it means not only safety from drought but double yield of crops.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1728

ISSUED WEEKLY AT 726 SANSOM ST.

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 2, 1895.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year..... $2.00
2 Copies One Year..... 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 6.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TO OUR READERS.

A short time ago the management of THE POST, thinking the majority of its readers would like to see the paper in what was considered to be a neater, more compact and convenient form, changed it from sixteen to twenty-four pages of a smaller size. When this alteration was made, however, THE POST thought it well to ask its readers and friends how the change suited them. We have received so many replies from those who preferred the old form to the new, that, always desirous of meeting the wishes of our subscribers, with this number we return to exactly our former shape, of sixteen large pages, with the modern improvement of the backs being bound and the edges trimmed.

On Solitude.

A solitary life cannot fairly be charged with the sweeping drawbacks or be allowed to possess the great virtues that are sometimes attributed to it. Solitude neither makes a man a knave nor cures him of a tendency to roguery; it only tends to deepen the impressions that have already been made, and to develop, not implant, certain good or bad traits. If any one is egotistical or melancholy, for example, it must be a mistake to be alone. Thought more naturally centres on one's own relation to the world when we are the only representative of mankind present.

It has been argued with a good deal of plausibility that solitude is favorable to religious exercises. Men who pass their days in the whirr of business, with hardly a chance thought of spiritual things, find themselves thinking far more seriously than is their wont of their relation to the whole scheme of things when they are alone. They become a more consciously interesting object of observation than they were when they were in the midst of so many competing interests in the workaday world. Unless a man who is much alone has objects outside himself that take his attention, he is likely to become vastly conceited.

Wordsworth's self-complacency was colossal. Thoreau, who determined to "go in" for solitude systematically, was one of the most consummate though innocent egotists of whom the world has record. Tens of thousands of silent hunters have known and appreciated the life of the woods infinitely more intimately than he did, although they have had only about a ten-thousandth part of his facility of verbal expression and no thought of systematic study of their own existence.

If solitude, by turning a man's thoughts in upon himself, is a disadvantage to the selfish and vain, much more is it a mistake for the melancholy and dissatisfied. Gaiety and frolic do not naturally belong to a solitary state. Indeed there is something saddening—though it may be with an elevating seriousness—in watching the course of the year, and those changes of the outdoor world that chiefly draw the eyes of the lonely wanderer. Then solitude has, too, a strong tendency to develop "faddishness," an unwise diffidence, with its complement of boorishly aggressive self-assertion. It is to be feared that the poets who have praised solitude without stint have not stayed to count the cost.

"If solitude has these dangers associated with it, why not denounce it instead of tolerating it?" some one may ask. The truth seems to be found in Emerson's summary to the effect that solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome to the character. Solitude by itself is impracticable. Society by itself would be fatal. One of the great secrets of wise living is in alternating solitude with human gregariousness. The true use of solitude is for refreshment, recuperation. The natural state of man is one of sociability.

Enjoyment of solitude or profit from it must be very largely a matter of temperament and habit. People who have led a busy life, with a great deal of the play of human activity always staged before their eyes, are sometimes almost maddened by a solitude which would be pleasing to others, or perhaps scarcely recognized as calling for observation. The town-bred man, and especially the town-bred woman, do not know what to notice in order to find perpetual interest in the country. The talk of cows and crops, butter-making and marketing, is not regarded as intrinsically worth listening to; it attracts only while new, as a curiosity.

So there come at last feelings of wearisomeness, emptiness, triviality from a country life that separates the town-bred woman and her customary sources of interest. A little solitude is felt to be good just as the sharp plunge into cold water and quick recovery and brisk reaction are good. Persevered in too long, the effects are quite different. The man who seeks solitude for its own sake is usually either a crank—egotistical or selfish—or he is disappointed and sullen.

Business-like, fashionable and working-class folk usually do not find much solitude, or find it only in rare and restful snatches. They realize that men were made to live together. Solitude has a high occasional value and lends itself to effective poetical treatment, but it makes a poorer staple mode of life than those who praise it are willing to acknowledge.

A QUESTION seems a simple and innocent thing, yet it may often be a real instrument of persecution on a small scale. It may put a man into a position in which he must choose either what he would prefer to keep to himself or refuse to answer and accept whatever unpleasant results may ensue from such refusal. Every thoughtful person who wishes to do as he would be done by will abstain from placing another in such a dilemma. All good conversation demands careful consideration of the feelings of others. Where there is the least suspicion that certain subjects may be unpleasant or certain inquiries unwelcome, no pains should be spared to avoid them. Of course this applies chiefly to general or friendly conversation. There are doubtless cases where duty compels investigation at whatever expense of feeling, but these are few and exceptional. Flippant and thoughtless curiosity has no such motive to excuse it.

A BLESSED thing is humor; and in this age, chary of laughter, pregnant with many cares, heavy with questions which the coming time sternly bids it to answer, we should be thankful for every particle of true good humor which comes into it, which steals gently and almost imperceptibly over us, as sunshine when a cloud is slowly withdrawn, and lights up the dismal country to a smiling landscape, and gilds even dark city walls and narrow confined courts with unwonted and unexpected gaiety and mirth.

NATURALNESS is the gift of unconsciousness, of doing things without thinking or knowing how you do them. Under the charm of such a spirit we feel a sense of liberty and expansion; we breathe a purer air. One natural person makes many, and inspires a confidence in human nature. And how straightforward intercourse becomes under these conditions!

NO man is the same from year to year, from month to month, or from day to day. The processes of thought, the moods of the mind, are as swift as the flash of light; and doubtless one man who lives through a long life experiences all the moods of which any man of his level of cultivation has ever been capable.

ECONOMY is the parent of integrity, of liberty, and of ease; and the sister of temperance, of cheerfulness and health. Profuseness, on the contrary, is a cruel and crafty demon, that gradually involves her followers in dependence and debts; that is, fetters them with iron that enters into their souls.

TO welcome those influences which lift us into a higher sphere of intelligence, which give us a loftier standard of virtue, which enrich our hearts and arouse our enthusiasm and enlarge our capacities, is to benefit not only ourselves, but the entire community in which we dwell.

FICTIONS are revelations not of truth, for they are most unreal, but of that which the soul longs to be true; they are mirrors, not of actual human experience, but of human dreams and aspirations of the eternal desire of the heart.

TIME is lent to us to be laid out in God's service, to His honor; and we cannot be too diligent in it, if we consider that time is precious, short, passing, uncertain, irrevocable when gone, and that for which we must be accountable.

PASSIONS, like horses, when properly trained and disciplined, are capable of being applied to the noblest purposes; but when allowed to have their own way, they become dangerous to the extreme.

EACH man's selfhood condemns the selfhood of his neighbor; and common observation of life will bear out the saying, that they are the most selfish, as a class, who clamor most about their wrongs.

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution.

THE greater the acknowledged merits of any one, the more severe will be the sentence, passed upon any of his defects, real or imaginary.

THE smallest compliment we receive from another, confers more pleasure than the greatest compliment we pay ourselves.

WE had better study how to bear actual misfortunes, than perplex ourselves about that which may possibly befall us.

MANY a man dreads throwing away his life at once who shrinks not from throwing it away piecemeal.

HELP others when you can; never give what you cannot afford simply because it is fashionable.

A JOYOUS smile adds an hour to one's life, a heartfelt laugh a day, a grin not a moment.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

G. S.—**India rubber will dissolve or melt** in gas tar oil, turpentine, ether, chloroform, naphtha, and petroleum.

T. A. G.—**A lady with dark brown eyes,** light brown hair, and fair complexion would be classed as a demi or half-blonde.

P. B. C.—**The cradle of the human race** is not known. The majority of ethnologists, however, regard the southern part of Asia as the birthplace of man.

I. M.—**Under no circumstances would it be proper for the lady to take the initiative** in a proposal of marriage. We were amazed that you should suggest such a thing.

LONE.—**The trailing arbutus is so called** from its trailing lowly habit. It is also called Mayflower, from the season of its blossoming. Another name for it is ground laurel.

S. S. I.—**Gums are the glutinous matters** which exude from certain trees. They are all more or less soluble in water. Resins are obtained in the same manner as gums, but differ from gums in being insoluble in water, and therefore more suitable for varnishes.

PIMLICO.—**Of King Mithridates,** of Pontus, historians say that he spoke twenty-one languages, and knew by name each one of his 80,000 soldiers. Cyrus, the Persian king, and Julius Cæsar were also familiar with the names of every soldier in their vast armies.

P. R.—**There are two distinct varieties** of the breed of dog known as retrievers—the flat, or wavy-coated, and curly-haired, the former being generally considered the handsomest. In appearance they somewhat resemble a Newfoundland, but are considerably smaller.

E. O. R.—**When a man so far forgets his** good-breeding as to deliberately snub a lady friend by withdrawing his attention to her without a word of explanation for such a course of action she should immediately cut his acquaintance, and have nothing whatever to do with him.

CURIOUS.—**The colored globes seen** in the chemist's shop windows originated in the retorts and jars of various drugs, remedies, and mixtures with which the old apothecaries and alchemists surrounded themselves. The Moors of Arabia and Spain were the first to introduce them.

BERTIE.—**There is no harm in kissing** your promised husband, but at the same time you may surfeit him with too much labial sweetness. Consequently, it would be better to be a little circumspect, and let him understand that such favors cannot be obtained for the mere asking.

T. A.—**It is not generally considered** good form to dance too many times with the same gentleman, even though you be engaged to him; but it is a matter in which you may very well please yourself, unless the ball is being given at your own house, when, as hostess, there are various duties to perform.

G. C. C.—**The pilot fish is so called** because held sacred by the ancients, from the belief that it led vessels in their proper course, and through dangerous passages. It is found in the Mediterranean Sea and in the Atlantic Ocean on the coast of America. It is about a foot long. It is noted for following vessels long distances for the sake of the food thrown overboard.

P. J.—**Certain specimens of ants make** slaves of others. If a colony of slave-making ants is changing the nest, a matter which is left to the discretion of the slaves, the latter carry their mistresses to their new home. One kind of slave making ants has become so dependent on slaves, that even if provided with food they will die of hunger unless there are slaves to put it in their mouth.

G. H. W.—**The pine snake is a serpent** which lives in the pine lands of New Jersey. Though large, sometimes attaining a length of six feet and a thickness of two inches, it is harmless. Its color is shining creamy white, with dark brown and chestnut blotches. It is called bull snake by some, because it makes a loud bellowing sound. Birds and eggs are its favorite food. It is considered the handsomest of the eastern snakes. It emits a strong, disagreeable odor.

L. D.—**Perpetual motion, in mechanics,** is a machine which when set in motion would continue to move without the aid of external force and without the loss of momentum, until its parts became deranged or worn out. The impossibility of producing such a machine has for years been apparent to all who know anything about mechanics. It can only become possible when a body once set in motion shall meet with no resistance, which is an impossible condition. In a word, as before said, a mechanical perpetual motion is clearly an absurdity.

LEONHARD.—**Electroplating, or coating** with silver, is conducted in a similar manner to electrotyping as far as general principles and manipulation are concerned, but differs in the solutions used, as well as in the preparation of the objects to be electroplated. No substantial idea of the various operations required could be gained by a mere description of it in this place. Those engaged in the business have served a long apprenticeship, and consequently if one wishes to learn how it is accomplished he must go and do likewise. In making the various solutions required, chemicals of a highly poisonous nature are employed, and consequently it would be foolhardy for an amateur to jeopardize his life in handling such articles unless thoroughly acquainted with the proper manner in doing so

DAY DREAMS.

BY W. W. LONG.

We met where blue-eyed violets bloomed,
When darted in and out the bees;
And balmy winds of summer tossed
The fragrant blossoms of the trees.

The lakelet sang, the flowers were sweet,
And as the summer day went o'er,
We built our castles in the air
Beside the lakelet's classic shore.

Back to the life of separate,
Yet lovers still we'll ever be
Because of dreams that we have dreamt
Together by that inland sea.

An Affair of Dishonor.

BY W. C. P.

EVERYBODY knows the story of Waterloo. Historians have faithfully described the stirring events of June, 1815, and novelists, taking up the thread, have interwoven with it many a strand of romance. The campaign was productive of many interesting incidents—"side incidents" would perhaps be a good term for them—long since forgotten.

Incidents which, though totally unconnected with the military operations and in no wise calculated to materially affect the issue at stake, yet were of grave importance to those parties immediately concerned in them.

It is our intention to recalm one of these hitherto unpublished—unpublished so far as our knowledge goes—side incidents from the limbo of general oblivion, and resuscitate it for the benefit of the reader.

From a mass of papers, including a batch of faded letters, dated 1816, which came beneath our notice, on the death of a late honored client, we have gathered together the details of the following remarkable story.

On the evening of June 15th, 1815, amongst the crowd—half-military, half-civilian—that thronged the streets of Brussels, a tall, athletic man of thirty-two or three, might have been observed making his way on foot as best he could across the Grande Place.

It was the night of the now historic fete, the Duchess of Richmond's ball, and he was on his way thither. His dress, as was also his whole bearing, was decidedly military, but there was nothing about it to indicate that the wearer belonged to any particular regiment. Had it been otherwise it would have been misleading, for Sir George Andsel at present held no commission in His Majesty's forces.

A few years previously he had been a captain in the line, and with his company had been present at the storming of Cuidad Rodrigo, but on the cessation of hostilities in the Peninsula, he had sold out, and relinquished the command of his well-disciplined men to assume the reins of government over an unruly race of Irish tenantry on the family estate in County Wicklow.

Upon receipt of the news that Bonaparte had returned from Elba, and was preparing for another campaign, Sir George's military ardor was fired anew, and, volunteering for service, he was successful in obtaining a staff appointment.

Sir George, the last of one of the longest lines of baronets in the land, was a gallant soldier and a brave gentleman, but he was possessed of one grave fault, which was ever a cause of bitter regret—an ungovernable temper. Nobody knew better than did Sir George himself of this unfortunate failing, but all his efforts to subdue it were of no avail.

In action his fiery passion had gained for him the reputation for being the most reckless dare-deuce in the service, for it had often urged him on to the most desperate deeds, and at the same time had endowed him with an almost superhuman strength to accomplish them, but in private life, it had entangled him in many a bitter broil which, had he but had a cooler head, he might easily have avoided.

Elbowing his way through the jostling, restless crowd, for Brussels was in a ferment of excitement, he at length reached the scene of the festivities. The ball had already commenced, and the ball-room presented a kaleidoscopic scene of dashing uniforms mingling with the gay dresses and white shoulders of fair women as the waltzers moved in time to the music.

As Sir George entered the room he became aware of a group of four young men—officers apparently—who were standing just inside the entrance, watching the scene, and criticising the various actors in it with more freedom than good breeding would warrant.

His appearance attracted the attention of one of the group who eyed him insolently for a moment, and then, turning to his companions, enquired:

"What the deuce sort of a uniform do you call that?"

"Don't know, I'm sure. Unattached, evidently."

"Volunteer, probably," suggested another, with an undisguised sneer.

The latter speaker was a fair-haired young man, with an impudent face, who wore the uniform of a lieutenant in the infantry, and whose age would be about twenty-five.

The tones of both speakers were sufficiently loud to be perfectly audible to Sir George, who felt his anger rise rapidly at such a display of insolence; but he managed to bridle his passion for the time being, and passed on with a withering glance at the group.

Being an old campaigner, he had still many friends in the service. Some of these, happening to be present, greeted him cordially, and the little episode above recorded was soon forgotten.

Many a furtive glance was cast upon the handsome figure of the new-comer, as it began to be whispered about the room that this was the hero whose doughty deeds at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo had thrilled the heart of every patriotic Englishman, and Sir George Andsel did not languish for want of partners from the ranks of the fairest and noblest ladies present.

The ball was at its height, and Sir George was seated in a corner near the door, hidden from view from the remainder of the room by a screen, enjoying a tete-a-tete with Lady A——, when he again overheard and recognized the voice of the fair-haired lieutenant.

"I tell you these volunteers ought not to be tolerated," the young swaggerer was saying. "They are a set of harpies—nothing else. Like vultures they scent the battle from afar, and as soon as they see a chance of gaining honors and distinctions at a single stroke without undergoing all the drudgeries of barrack duties, they come flocking round the scene of action in droves—all seeking staff appointments, of course, where the honors are likely to lie thickest."

The baronet's blood boiled in his veins as he heard this slanderous allegation, and he had the greatest difficulty in restraining himself from springing up from his seat there and then, and giving the slanderer the lie direct. Every vestige of color left his face, and his lips twitched with passion, as he led his partner back to her chaperon, and then stalked savagely across the floor in search of the unsuspecting lieutenant. To be classed with harpies and vultures was more than his flesh and blood could stand.

"There's thunder in the air! Look at Andsel!" observed Jacketts, of the 42nd, who knew Sir George's temperament well, to a brother officer. "That look means mischief. Let us see what he is up to." And the two followed in the wake of the infuriated baronet.

Sir George had not far to go in search of his man. He found him the centre of the same little company previously noticed. Unceremoniously bursting into the astonished group, the baronet confronted the offender.

"You made a statement that we volunteers are nothing but a set of harpies—vultures, who only care for what we can pick up cheap?" he demanded fiercely.

"I did, and I repeat it," recklessly replied the lieutenant.

At this, Sir George's rage knew no bounds.

"Then you lie, sir!" he burst out, as the blood rushed back to his face, and filled his veins until they stood out in great knots upon his forehead.

"That is hardly the language to address to a gentleman," retorted the lieutenant, assuming a lofty air.

"Gentleman, or no gentleman, I repeat it—you lie, sir! You lie, you insolent puppy!"

Sir George fairly hurled these words at the lieutenant, and then waited for the only answer that was possible to such a charge.

"If you will favor me with your name and address," said the officer, taking his own card-case from his pocket, "you shall hear from me in the morning, when arrangements can be made for settling this matter."

"I am staying at the Belle Vue," blurted out Sir George, throwing down his card and picking up that of the lieutenant, which bore the name of Gibson. "But why wait till to-morrow? No time like the present. To-morrow we may have marching orders. At five o'clock to-morrow morning I shall be with my second at the nearest corner of the Bois de Cambre, on the Mount St. Jean road. We shall have a case of pistols with us."

"So be it. At five o'clock, at the nearest corner of the Bois de Cambre," repeated Lieutenant Gibson, turning to his companions, and ignoring the further presence of his adversary.

"You're blocking the way. Stand aside!" a sharp voice was heard to say at this moment, and the speaker, without so much as a word of apology, thrust the party right and left, and forced his way right through the midst of them. Nobody offered a single remonstrance. It was the Duke of Wellington himself.

Neither Sir George Andsel nor Lieutenant Gibson kept the appointment for five o'clock at the Bois de Cambre the next morning, for at that hour the former, without a thought of sparing horseflesh, was galloping hither and thither with despatches; while the latter, with his regiment, the 95th, was steadily marching on Quatre Bras.

When the British troops arrived upon the scene of action, the engagement had already commenced, and the Hanoverians were making a gallant fight against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy.

How the opportune arrival of Wellington's forces turned the tide of battle, and how the day ended in a glorious victory for the brave troops, are already too well known to need description here.

During the heat of the fight, Sir George Andsel was despatched with a message to the 95th, who were stubbornly disputing the possession of the Bois de Bousson with the French tirailleurs. Having delivered his message, he wheeled his horse and was returning, when, in passing within a dozen paces of Lieutenant Gibson, he heard the latter shout, with a coarse laugh, to another officer:

"The vulture is evidently in a hurry to get back to a position of safety again."

Stung to the quick by this lying insult, for he did not know the meaning of the word fear, the baronet lost complete control over himself, and for the instant became a raving maniac.

At that moment the tirailleurs poured a disastrous volley into the ranks of the gallant 95th. Lieutenant Gibson's sword dropped from his hand, and he fell, shot through the right shoulder.

With an effort Sir George recovered his composure, dashed his spurs into the quivering sides of his charger, and quickly rejoined the staff. That was the last outburst of temper of which he was ever guilty.

On June 19th Lieutenant Gibson lay on his back, cursing his ill-luck, on a bed in one of the upper rooms of the Belle Vue. Waterloo had been fought and won, but, incapacitated by his wound, he had no share in the final rout of the vanquished Napoleon.

The wound in itself was not a severe one, but, probably owing to the young man's intemperate habits, inflammation had set in, and was causing the sufferer much pain and the surgeon some trouble. Striking the collar-bone, the course of the bullet had been deflected, and the ball had passed out at the top of the shoulder. What was as inexplicable as it was galling to the young officer, who, despite his many faults, was no coward, was the fact that the bullet had entered from behind!

The suregon had just left him and he was quite alone when one of the servants brought up Sir George Andsel's card, with the information that the baronet was below, and wished to know how Mr. Gibson was progressing.

The sufferer marvelled somewhat at this unexpected and unusual advance on the part of his adversary and then feverishly said:

"Tell Sir George Andsel that I am none the better for his enquiry, and that as soon as ever I can hold a pistol I shall be ready to keep my engagement with him."

Upon receipt of this rude message Sir George exhibited no sign of surprise. Simply telling the servant to inform Mr. Gibson that after that week his—Sir George's—address would be "Gallamore, County Wicklow," he turned on his heel and strode away.

Nearly three months elapsed before any opportunity presented itself for bringing off the meeting. In the meantime Lieutenant Gibson had recovered his customary state of health and was once more fit for duty. Upon rejoining his regiment, however, he was mortified to find that the report of his wound having been inflicted from the rear had preceded him, and had already been the subject of comment among his brother officers.

So unbearable was this state of things to the lieutenant, that he at once effected an exchange out of the 95th, and, thanks to the interest of a relative who had some influence at head quarters, received his appointment on the staff of the Lord Lieutenant, and in due course installed himself in his new quarters at Dublin Castle.

It was September 9th when Gibson arrived in the Irish capital. On Tuesday, the twelfth of the same month, Sir George Andsel was entertaining a neighboring squire to breakfast, previous to a day's shooting in the Gallamore covers, when he observed a horseman galloping up the avenue toward the house. A minute later a servant brought in the stranger's card: "Lieutenant Santer, Dublin Castle."

"Show the gentleman in here," said the baronet, totally at a loss to understand the meaning of this visit, for he had not yet heard of Gibson's presence in Dublin.

The servant disappeared, and immediately ushered in Lieutenant Santer.

"Sir George Andsel, I believe?" said the newcomer, addressing himself to that gentleman.

"The same, very much at your service," replied the baronet, with a bow.

"I am here," went on the stranger, "on behalf of my friend, Mr. Gibson, who is now in Dublin. He has recovered the use of his arm entirely, and is now anxious to keep the appointment which was unavoidably postponed last June. I think we understand each other, Sir George?"

"Perfectly, sir. Allow me to introduce Mr. Mourney, a neighbor of mine, who will no doubt act as my friend in this matter. Eh, Mourney?"

Mr. Mourney nodded his head affirmatively, and bowed to the lieutenant.

"Then if it is agreeable to you, Mr. Santer," continued Sir George, "suppose we say half-past six o'clock to morrow morning in the Phœnix? By the bye, I may as well mention that the conditions which my second will insist on are these: That Mr. Gibson and I place ourselves back to back—then, at the signal agreed upon each takes six paces forward, turns round, and fires."

Gibson's second assented, and was about to retire, when Mr. Mourney called him back.

"I suppose you will have no objection to these tools," he said, taking down from a shelf a mahogany case containing a brace of hair triggers.

Lieutenant Santer examined the handsome pistols critically, handled them fondly, and expressed his entire approval of them. Then with a graceful bow he took his leave, mounted his horse, and galloped away.

The following morning, punctually at the hour appointed, the parties, accompanied by a couple of surgeons, met in Phœnix Park. The preliminaries were quickly settled, and the two principals took up their positions. The appearance of the two chief actors in the tragedy that was about to take place differed exceedingly.

Lieutenant Gibson's features still wore their usual reckless, impudent look, and his habitual sneer still seemed to be lurking upon his shaven lip; while in the elder man's face nothing was traceable but firm, set, determination. The old dare-deuce look had vanished entirely, and his eyes shot forth no glance of fiery passion as they had been wont to do on such occasions in former days.

It was a cold, raw morning, but nobody present heeded the nipping east wind that blew in fitful gusts across the open. Nobody noticed the feeble efforts of the sun to break through the gray curtain of cloud, for all eyes were fixed upon Mourney, who stood, handkerchief in hand, ready to give the fatal signal.

The white handkerchief at length fluttered to the ground, and the duellists started off on their brief march precisely at the same moment.

One, two, three, four, five, six paces. With measured tread the two men stepped out as regularly as on parade. At the sixth step Gibson turned sharp round and brought up his weapon to the level of his eye but he did not fire. A puzzled look came over his face, his right hand fell to his side, and he gaped with astonishment; for a dozen paces in front of him Sir George was standing, with folded arms, waiting to receive his adversary's fire, with his back still turned to the original starting point.

The spectators were for a moment struck speechless by the baronet's strange conduct. Even Mourney was quite as much puzzled as the others. Then Santer stepped forward with upraised hand.

"Hold, Gibson!" he shouted. "This requires explanation."

"Which I am perfectly ready to give," added Sir George, turning round with pale but resolute face. "Mr. Gibson demands satisfaction. I offer it him. Had the affair come off, as originally intended, I should have faced him like a man, but since then events have occurred which have altered my intentions. At Quatre Bras I overheard him give utterance to an insulting reflection upon my courage, which for the moment deprived me of all reasoning power. For a few seconds I was practically a madman, and I acted as such. Mr. Gibson was not wounded at Quatre Bras by a bullet from a French tirailleur, but by a ball from my pistol, for in the heat of the moment I shot him down behind his back. Nobody can regret that deplorable outcome of my fit of passion one half so bitterly as I do, and it seems to me that the only way in which I can offer satisfaction to Mr. Gibson, and at the same time retrieve my honor, is to allow myself to be shot at in the same ignominious fashion that——"

"It is no good pursuing this painful subject any further," broke in Lieutenant Santer at this point. "After hearing Sir George Ansell's miserable confession, I think you will not blame me, gentlemen, for withdrawing my man from the ground. The affair can go no further. Both Mr. Gibson and myself came here this morning under the impression that we had to deal with a gentleman, not a cowardly cur who on his own confession stabs in the dark."

"It was the act of a madman, not of a coward," replied Sir George sadly. "Nobody can accuse an Ansell of cowardice."

"Then I for one don't know what a coward is," sneered Gibson.

"No, I don't think you do," the baronet responded, with a quiet smile. "But since you absolutely refuse the satisfaction I offer you, and seeing that in a day or two my confession will be the talk of every club and mess-room in the three kingdoms, there is only one course left open to me."

As he left off speaking, he deliberately raised his pistol to his head. Not a muscle of his face winced, nor did a single tremor shake his hand as he pressed the cold muzzle to his temple.

"Good Heavens, Ansell! You can't—" began Mourney; making a dash at the weapon. But he was too late. The report rang out short and sharp on the morning air, and Sir George Ansell, with the top of his skull completely blown off, and his brains scattered in ghastly profusion on the turf, fell a lifeless corpse.

Thus perished the last of the Ansells, a victim to a mistaken notion of honor.

For some time the little group stood horror-stricken at this unexpected turn of events. Then Lieutenants Gibson and Santer made their way to where they had left their horses tethered, and galloped back along the Quays to the Castle, there to spread the news of the suicide, whilst the rest of the party were arranging for and superintending the removal of the body.

Upon re-entering his quarters the first thing to catch the eye of Gibson, was a letter lying upon the table awaiting him, addressed in his father's hand waiting.

Very little correspondence passed between father and son, except when the latter had overrun the constable and applied to his paternal parent to release him from his pecuniary embarrassments. No such application had been recently made, so that it was with considerable curiosity that the young man took up the missive and broke the seal. Throwing aside his forage cap, he sat down to read the letter.

"DEAR CHARLEY:—Hitherto I have never troubled you with my private concerns, but owing to the recent troublous times, and the late disastrous state of things on 'Change and of the money market generally, I find that my affairs are rapidly coming to a most unpleasant crisis, and that I am practically on the verge of ruin.

"I had hoped that having weathered the worst of the storm I should have been able to retrieve myself, but I find that I am too deeply involved, and not only disaster, but positive disgrace, stares me in the face. The family estates are mortgaged up to the hilt, the interest on the mortgage is almost due, and I do not know which way to turn to raise the needful money to meet this and other engagements. In the event of a foreclosure certain injudicious acts of mine, which might result in a criminal prosecution, are bound to come to light. My credit is already pledged to the uttermost, and my relatives are either unable or unwilling to assist me.

"There is only one man who can avert the catastrophe—the mortgagee, who is now in Ireland.

"I know this letter must come as a great shock to you, but I want you to act for me in the matter. For the sake of your well-nigh distracted father, who never refused to gratify your slightest whim—for your love to the mother who bore you—for the honor of the family—for the love of Heaven, Charley, go to this man, and get him to instruct his London agents not to foreclose. Swallow your pride and beseech him—intercede with him—implore him—if needs be, go down on your knees and pray to him—anything to persuade him to give me time. I am writing to him myself, but a letter is so ineffective compared to a personal interview; and, chained to my chair as I am with infernal gout, I cannot come over myself.

"The mortgagee's address is Gallamore, County Wicklow, and his name is——"

"Good God!" shrieked the unhappy man, crushing the letter in his flat, the perspiration standing in great beads upon his forehead.

"——Sir George Ansel!"

A Novel Industry.

BY J. C.

THEY were a happy little family, the Lugos. Typical of the Mexican race with their swarthy skins, jet-black hair, and love of finery, their costumes added a bit of gay coloring to the sea-beach below Ensenada, whose long stretch of yellow sand was relieved by naught save here and there a bunch of green seaweed, until it disappeared in the purple mountains which run the full length of the peninsula.

It is a most interesting coast, that of Lower California, looked at from the shore. With hardly an exception, it is barren in the extreme. Only a few diminutive creeks come down from the mountains, and they carry so small a supply of water, the vegetation of any kind is scarce, and what little there is looks dry and parched.

The chief seaport town of this isolated Mexican possession is Ensenada, a town by courtesy, a village in size, for the whole population does not exceed four hundred souls. Though the trade of the place is controlled to a great extent by a few shrewd Yankees, that enterprising nation furnishes but a small percentage of its inhabitants; the bulk are Mexican—Mexican in nationality, in custom, and in their lack of enterprise.

But to this last characteristic the Lugos were an exception, for they followed an occupation complete in itself, and one on which competition made no inroads to mar their happiness.

It was a strange calling that of Francisco Lugo, a calling which must appear to the uninitiated dangerous to a degree, for the very name of shark sends a thrill of horror through one, and he was a shark fisherman. Stranger still must it seem to many that a whole family should find material from this source to keep them busily occupied, and profitably so too, for Francisco had houses and land and money in the bank, and intended shortly to retire from his business to settle on an orange grove, there to live the life of a country gentleman.

That was last year. Perhaps by now he has retired. If so, it is to be supposed that some one else must have taken up an industry which for a time was peculiarly his own, and which, perhaps, were it more widely known, would result in thinning the ranks of those dreaded monsters of the deep.

First of all, there was the oil; but perhaps, before describing the method of preparing this, it would be well to say a few words about the shark catching itself. Of various kinds, these uncanny monsters are to be found plentifully distributed over the greater portion of the Pacific Ocean, at least that portion which washes the shores of Lower, or as it is called by the Mexicans, Baja California.

Some are said to be harmless, some are known as dangerous; but no ordinary person would care to bathe in seas where even the harmless kind are plentiful—there is something so repulsive in the appearance they present as they glide through the clear, transparent salt water, where, for a score of feet, one may look down and see the little shells on the bottom as distinctly as in the aquarium at the Crystal Palace.

The shark has ever an intent, business-like look about it. It always seems in quest of some victim, as noiselessly it parts the water, and changes its course with a single turn of its tail. A troublesome captive it will prove at the end of the stoutest line, and hard to land if the fisherman is unexperienced; but once let its vagaries be understood, and none of the finny denizens of the deep are easier handled.

In the early morning, Francisco Lugo and his eldest boy, Thomas, who would soon be twelve, launched the flat-bottomed surf-boat. This boat—a great, clumsy, home-made thing—was admirably suited to the purpose for which it was used, for it was staunch enough to defy the stoutest shark that might endeavor to pull its head under water.

In the bow coiled round a wooden roller, was a line two hundred feet in length. The hook, strong and massive—made by the blacksmith from the best of English steel—was joined to the rope by three feet of chain.

When the boat is clear of the surf, and lazily pitching in the deep blue water beyond, Thomas baits the hook with a Spanish mackerel—a big one too, for no sprat does the shark deign to look at. This done, he gives the line to Francisco, who throws it out in front of him, after handing the oars to his son.

Sometimes the bait is snapped up ere it touches the bottom; at other times, it sinks, and drags there for hours at a stretch, before a sudden, violent tug tells the occupants of the boat that a shark has grabbed it. Then commences a battle,

The shark feels the penetrating barbed hook lodge fast, and dashes off. Out flies the line, half of it in a few seconds. So quickly does it go, that it would seem only a few more would suffice to see the roller bare. But no; it changes its tactics—it begins to swim in circles.

This gives Francisco an opportunity to haul in the slack rope; while Thomas keeps the boat pointed straight ahead. Suddenly the shark reverts to its former tactics. It dashes off again, taking with it the best part of the line; but once more it pulls up short, and commences to swim in circles as before.

Thus it carries on the contest. For a quarter of an hour or more, it vainly tries to free itself from the hook, until at last it becomes weaker, partly from struggling, and partly from the rush of water into its mouth, which is kept open by the heavy chain. Then when it offers no further resistance, Francisco winds up the roller and tells his son to row for the shore.

They beach the boat, and, aided by the incoming tide, drag their listless captive high and dry on to the sand. A few strokes from a rusty old axe sever the head from the body. Next, Francisco takes a large clasp-knife from the pocket of his overalls, cuts the shark open, and removes its enormous liver, which organ seems to occupy an unusual amount of space in its interior economy; while Thomas, who, in the meantime has returned from the shanty with some buckets, places it therein.

This done, Francisco cuts off the dorsal fin, and making a deep incision down each side of the backbone, dexterously extracts that member, leaving the mutilated carcase on the beach, to be washed out to sea by the first receding tide. They then carry home their trophies. Their morning's work is done, and dinner well earned. In the afternoon, they repeat their labors of the morning.

Sometimes they catch four or five sharks in the day, sometimes only one or two—their luck depends on the season of the year. In the hot summer months, a run of man-eating sharks from the south reinforces the common local species known as "sun-sharks."

These assume larger proportions than the harmless local variety, and furnish a greater supply of oil; but all the year round Francisco was sure of a constant supply of one kind or another. He laid their livers on a little platform in the sun, which renders out the oil, causing it to drip slowly into a barrel beneath. From a single liver he obtained from a gallon to five gallons.

The last amount was of course taken from the large man eaters; but no shark was too small for him to cut up. It was all fish that came to Francisco's net, or rather line. When he had filled a barrel with the oil, he nailed down the head and set it to one side, to wait until he had a supply of several hundred gallons. This cargo he loaded into his large fishing-boat—home-made, like the surf-boat—and sailed away north to the town of San Diego, in Southern California, the nearest of any size belonging to the United States. There he got rid of it to a Yankee merchant for fifty cents a gallon.

The dried dorsal fins, tied up in bundles, he sold to the representative of a Chinese firm for future sale to his fellow countrymen, by whom they are esteemed as a great table delicacy. Occasionally, even the skin itself found a ready sale, for it is made into "shagreen," and used by cabinet-makers, who appreciate its fine rough inner surface, considering that it gives a superior finish to the harder and more valuable wood than the finest sandpaper. And the backbones?

They, too, are a source of revenue to the Lugo family. Of the many exquisite walking-sticks favored by the American and Mexican swells on the Pacific coast, none are more beautiful than those made of this material.

In the evenings and during the daytime, when Francisco's wife, Juanetta was unoccupied with her household duties, she worked on these strange freaks of fashion. After one had passed through her hands and was ready for sale, it looked a delicate piece of workmanship, for all the world like an imitation Malacca cane carved in ivory.

Her manner of working the raw material was simple in the extreme. The various joints of the vertebræ she separated with a sharp knife, throwing them into a pot of water. When this boiled, it caused the clinging flesh to fall away from the bone, leaving it snowy white.

Then she took a thin steel rod and strung them on, the thicker ones at the top, the smaller ones at the bottom, tapering between the two extremes as any well-proportioned cane should do. At each end of the steel rod, a small nut screwed them all tightly together, closer, even, than originally, and made the joints invisible. Next came the setting of the ferrules and handles, which being done, a final rub down with the shark-skin added a smooth polished surface to an already artistic piece of work.

And this is how Francisco Lugo made his money. Perhaps one day in the future, as he sits beneath his own vine and fig-tree in the balmy air of Southern California, speculating on the orange crop before him, his thoughts will carry him back to an industry of which he was the pioneer. Yet he will not feel in his discovery that he has added aught to this utilitarian age. His mind will wander away to no abstract idea like that; he will not even remark that man can make all things subserve his needs. No; he will just lie back on his veranda, a cigarette between his lips, thankful that the period of his life is past when work was his lot, and intent on enjoying the balance of it in the Mexican style, dreamily satisfied with each day as it comes along.

WITH A REASON.—One rainy day recently a lady sat in a tramcar with her light umbrella leaning against the seat. There were a good many other people there, and a good many other umbrellas in various attitudes of dejection.

As the train approached a certain street a tall, lank young man struggled among the stand ups for the door. In passing this particular lady and umbrella his right foot caught the latter and carried away the ferrule end with a crash.

The young man was very red and very much embarrassed, but he managed to stammer out a confused apology.

The lady who had thus suffered from his awkwardness, instead of being annoyed at the accident, appeared rather to enjoy it, for she smiled sweetly all the time and accepted the apology with an air of grace that at once attracted the attention and admiration of the observant passengers.

"By Jove!" exclaimed a man near the door to his next neighbor, "that woman's a queen! If it had been my wife she'd have whacked that clumsy fellow over the head!"

"I never saw a woman have such complete control over her temper," remarked another.

"You'd have thought that idiot had done her a favor," said the third. "She's an angel!"

"No, she ain't," gruffly put in a little man in the corner, who had overheard all this. "She's my wife, and she wanted me to buy her a new umbrella this morning—and now she's happy because she knows I've got to do it!"

"WE frequently see it stated," said Mr. Oddfish, "that such and such men started from extreme poverty, coming into town in the first place without a farthing of money, and rising by their own exertions. When I first came I had to borrow money to get here, and I've been borrowing money ever since. It is a great thing at sixty to have established such a wonderful credit."

His Niece Nellie.

BY T. B. C.

MR. WILL HAMMOND was apparently reading the morning paper. He was in reality thinking of pretty Rena Browning, and wondering if he would ever have the courage to tell her how passionately, how devotedly, he loved her, when his sister May, or more properly speaking, Mrs. Tom Stevens, came rushing into the library, with an open telegram in her hand.

"Will!" she cried, in a sharp voice.

And the dreaming reader sprang to his feet, and his face flushed guiltily; for Will Hammond was one of the most bashful men living, and to be detected in the act of even thinking of a beautiful woman was sufficient to bring blushes of confusion to his face.

"Well, May!" he managed at last to articulate.

"I've just got a telegram from Tom. Bernhardt plays Theodora to-night. It's her farewell performance, and he wants me to see her. I'm to take the ten-fifteen train, and meet him at the office. The railway communication is so wretchedly poor that we'll have to remain in the city over night. The last train leaves for Glendale before the theatres close."

"Hope you'll enjoy yourself, May," ventured Will, with an illy-concealed yawn, for he had seen Bernhardt in all her roles, and had none of his sister's enthusiasm over the matter.

"Oh, I shall be sure to!" she answered; and then continuing, said, with an air of timid hesitation: "I have a favor to ask of you, Will?"

"Well?"

"It will be impossible to take Nellie, of course, and I want you to take charge of her until we return."

"Me take charge of that be—angel of goodness?" cried Will, aghast. "Why, May, I don't know anything more about children and their wants than the man in the moon does about the Irish Question."

"High time you were learning!" retorted his sister. "You'll be having children of your own one of these days, and really Nellie is no bother at all. Nurse will give her her supper, and put her to bed. All you'll have to do will be to amuse her."

"Me amuse Nellie?" he cried, in a tone the irony of which was lost upon his sister.

"Yes. You'll find her easily entertained; and if the poor dear child cries for me, when she finds I am gone, you must soothe her. I hate to steal off from the angel in this way, but the carriage is at the door, and I'm all dressed. If she should beg me to remain, with tears in her eyes, it would ruin all my evening's pleasure. She is busy with playthings now, the darling, and it may be an hour before she will require your attention. Now be a good boy, and keep Nellie's thoughts diverted from me."

She wafted a kiss to his brother on the tips of her pink fingers, and tripped away, not hearing, or, if hearing, not heeding the agonized groan which burst from his lips.

If there was one thing that exceeded Will's bashfulness in the presence of pretty Rena Browning, it was the unmitigated terror with which he regarded his niece Nellie, who was badly spoiled, and universally acknowledged to be an enfant terrible.

"Heavens!" he moaned, when the carriage containing his sister rolled away, and he actually wiped the perspiration of fear from his forehead. "Was ever a man so unfortunate? To be alone with that terrible child for twenty-four hours! It's enough to turn my hair white. I won't do it. I'll shut myself up in my room and plead a headache. The nurse can surely manage her better than I can. I don't know anything about children, and my sister's hopeful offspring is so—peculiar."

He picked up his paper, as though to leave the room, when the patter of childish footsteps was heard, and a little fairy in white, with long, golden hair rippling over her shoulders, rushed into the room with her arms extended.

"Oh, Uncle Will!" she lisped, "nursie says you and me is to keep house all by our two selves. Ain't it nice?"

"Very!" groaned Will.

"Now, I'll tell you what we'll do. Play horsey out on the lawn. You be horse—"

And before he could protest, she had mounted a chair, and was trying the ends of a worsted rope about his arms.

She had already captured his riding whip, and although his soul rose up in rebellion, the imperiousness of Miss Nellie carried the day, and he trotted out on to the lawn, trying in his awkward way to imitate a prancing horse, all the time feeling very foolish and angry with himself and his juvenile tyrant.

She soon tired of this sport, however, and begged for a story.

He took her on his knee, and seated on one of the rustic benches on the lawn, told her all that he could remember.

He was fond of story telling, and with her little golden head nestled down upon his shoulder, and her innocent blue eyes looking into his, he began to think that the task his sister had imposed upon him was not such a hard one after all.

"May's baby-talk has ruined the child," he thought. "If you treat children like grown persons, it's no trouble in the world to manage them."

He had just finished an exciting story about a fairy princess and a valiant prince, and Nellie's eyes were humid with the wondering thoughts which the story had conjured up.

"Uncle Will," she asked, suddenly, "do you love that pretty lady what come to see mamma yesterday?"

She referred to Rena Browning, and Will's face flushed scarlet.

"I—I—— What put that idea into your head, Nellie?" he managed to say, finally.

"Because," she answered, gravely, "she told mamma about you just what I think.

"And what was that?" he asked, with quickened interest.

"That you was so emoosin'!"

At this Will burst into a sarcastic laugh.

"Do you tell her fairy stories?" persisted Nellie.

"Well—hardly!"

"Then I don't see how you amoose her. Now, we'll pretend that I'm her, and that you talk to me just like you do to her."

"As he had talked to her," he reflected. "How had he talked? How had he acted?"

He hardly knew himself, for the speeches that he had rehearsed until he knew them by heart he could never remember at the critical moment, and the story of his love had remained untold.

"Uncle Will," continued his inquisitor, breaking in on his thoughts, "was the story I heard you saying to yourself yesterday morning the one you tell her what's so amoosin'?"

"What story?" he cried, feeling very uncomfortable.

"This one," she said.

And, slipping from his arms, she fell upon one knee on the grass in front of him, and extended her dimpled hands, with an appealing, love-lorn expression on her baby-face, so close an imitation of his own position, gesture, and expression, that a savage light of being made fun of came to his eyes.

"Dear Miss Rena," she prattled, "I love you. I have loved you for months. Be my wife. I will devote my life to your happiness. Rena, darling, smile upon me, for I——"

"For Heaven's sake, stop!" cried Will, wrathfully.

And he caught her up with such force that she began to cry.

"There, there, Nellie!" he added, soothingly. "Don't cry—that's a pretty pet! Come, we'll go down and look at the white chickens, and you shall play with them."

"Oh, my!" she cried, clapping her hands; and the tears vanished.

She skipped along by his side, clinging to his hand, as they walked along towards the poultry-yard.

To tell the truth, Will Hammond began to have a mortal fear of his tony niece, and he exerted himself so much to please her that she declared again and again that it was the most splendid day that she had ever seen.

When dinner was over, the nurse took Nellie away for her afternoon nap, and Will reclined in a hammock, stretched on the porch, to smoke his cigar and dream of Rena Browning.

He fell into a doze, and was aroused by a merry ringing peal of laughter, which caused him to spring from the hammock.

He stared about him, and there on the lawn, not twenty-five yards from the porch, was his niece Nellie and Miss Rena Browning.

At sight of them he would have fled; but Rena came towards him, and he was forced to remain.

He bowed a little awkwardly, and went down to meet her, although he would have much rather have run away.

"I came over to pay your sister a visit," she said, and her eyes twinkled merrily. "I didn't know she had gone to the city until Nellie told me. By the way, Mr. Hammond, I never knew that you were an actor before. We must have you in our next theatricals. Nellie inherits the talent, if I may so put it for she has been giving me a wonderfully amusing imitation of a bit of acting of yours that was quite Romeo like."

There was not a flush upon her face as she raised her soft, gray eyes; but his face was scarlet with mortification.

He had never before been aware of any homicidal tendencies in his nature; but at that particular moment he could have strangled his niece Nellie with great pleasure.

He glared at her so savagely that the child's lip began to tremble.

"I was only amoosin' her, Uncle Will," she faltered.

What could he say? What apology could he make?

He tried to think; but all his thoughts were confused.

He knew that he had been placed in a very ridiculous light, and it was perhaps with the courage born of desperation that he stepped quickly forward and caught Rena Browning's hand in his.

"It was not acting, Rena," he said in a trembling voice. "I feel that way and those were the words I would have uttered if I could ever have plucked up the courage. If you were the Juliet, what answer would you make?"

She said nothing, but stood with downcast eyes and blushing face, her hand trembling in his.

"Would it have been 'Yes,' Rena?" he ventured, bending towards her.

"I—I think so," she whispered, and he caught her in his arms.

Mrs. May Stevens thoroughly enjoyed Bernhardt's Theodora.

Her pleasure was increased by this telegram, which her husband received just before leaving the office,—

"Congratulate me, old fellow. It has accepted. Thank Nellie for bringing it about. Bring her up the handsomest doll to be found; I'll pay for it. WILL."

SIFTING THE EVIDENCE.—It was a case of aggravated assault, and a husband appeared before the bench to answer a charge that was perferred against him by his wife. As is perhaps customary in such instances, sympathy, generally, was on the side of the woman, and the man, who was undefended, was, as a matter of course, having a hopelessly bad time.

The witnesses called were positive in their assertions about the brutal attack which, as they declared, had been made upon the wife, and enlarged, as opportunity served them, upon the extreme gravity of the offence. But at last a witness made several suspicious pauses in her evidence, and one of the magistrates, an old bachelor, desperately antagonistic to the opposite sex, and with his doubts about the case, leaned over from his seat and said—

"Do you mean to swear, my good woman, that at the time of the quarrel which constitutes the cause of this action, you clearly saw the prisoner with a coal-scuttle, making ready to throw it at his wife?"

"Well, sir, not p'raps exactly," replied the witness with growing hesitation; "but I mean to swear that I saw the prisoner with a coal-scuttle."

"Then let us know accurately in what attitude you really saw the prisoner," resumed the relentless justice of the peace.

"Well, now, sir, since you've asked, I'll tell the truth without a word of a lie," said the woman. "The prisoner was lying down with the coal-scuttle over his head, and his wife on the top of it."

The case was dismissed.

WITH ANOTHER OBJECT.—A young man from the country went to have a tooth pulled the other day. The dentist advised him to inhale the laughing gas.

"What is the effect o' the gas?" asked the youth.

"It simply makes you totally insensible," answered the dentist. "You don't know anything that takes place, and you feel no pain."

The youth assented, but just previous to the gas being administered, he put his hand into his pocket and pulled out his money.

"Oh, don't trouble yourself about that just now," said the dentist, thinking that he was going to be paid his fee.

"Oh, no," remarked the youth. "I'm only coontin' to see hoo much I had before the gas took effect."

MR. COURTNEY (flattering): "I had the blues awfully when I came here to-night, Miss Fisher; but they are all gone now." You are as good as medicine. Miss Fisher's Little Brother: "Yes; father himself says she'll be a drug in the market if she doesn't catch on to some fellow soon."

At Home and Abroad.

New York florists have a profitable business in caring for the plants of persons temporarily absent from the city. The charge for each plant is small, and as a rule the plants are so much more intelligently cared for by the florist than by the servants at home that they are vastly improved by their outing. Palms, large ferns and many rare flowering plants are thus boarded out by thousands.

A hermit who lives in one of the towns near Belfast, Me., mystified the people of the vicinity, not long ago, by a continuous sawing and hammering in the ark of a house which constituted his home, but one fine morning the people looked up toward the hill where the residence stood and rubbed their eyes in amazement, for in place of the rambling old house that had formerly stood there was a new cottage. The whole affair was then clear. The hermit had built a new house inside the old one.

The cause of the conservatism and hatred of progress among the Chinese is superstition. They object to developing their great resources of coal because the good luck spirits, coming every spring from the south, would fall into the mines and be lost. They object to railways because the digging would disturb the bones of their ancestors. No improvement can be suggested that would not in some way make trouble between them and the spirits of the departed. There is a fine sentiment in reverence for antiquities—but the civilized man tries to do something that will entitle him to the good will of his successors.

An engineer has pointed out that 1 inch of rain, falling upon an area of one square mile, is equivalent to nearly 17,000,000 gallons, weighting 145,200,000 pounds, or 72,600 tons. Assuming this water to have fallen from clouds about half a mile, or say 3000 feet above the earth, we have for the energy represented by it about 22,000 horse power. With pumping machinery working at the low rate of consumption of two pounds of coal per horse-power per hour, it would take 200 gross tons of coal to raise the water represented by one inch of rain on a square mile to the assumed height of 3000 feet. As a matter of fact, rain often falls from clouds which are at a much greater height than 3000 feet above the ground, so that the figures just given are quite conservative ones.

A Boston paper tells a story of the late George W. Stearns. He was defending a young fellow for larceny, the evidence against whom was only circumstantial. Stearns urged that circumstantial evidence ought never to convict a man. "Why," said the counsel, "when I was a boy I remember a playmate of mine who, while his parents was absent, went to the pantry and nearly devoured a big custard pie before he thought of the paternal strap. When he did he looked around for some means of hiding the traces of his guilt. He saw the family cat in the corner, and, taking puss by the neck, and, carefully smearing her paws with the custard, took the guilty cat out into the back yard and shot her. As the shot gun rang out, the boy observed to me with a chuckle: 'There goes one more victim of circumstantial evidence.'" The jury disagreed.

Very few people have any idea of the wonderful accuracy of aim of modern rifled cannon. The guns manufactured at the United States Government ordnance shops probably exceed in his respect those of any other nation. The results of the tests of the 8-inch gun of the navy justify the statement that upon an average four shots out of five would hit a target 20 inches square, at a range of one mile, and at 3000 yards six out of eight shots would strike within an area of 12½ by 4 feet. Although the experiments with the 10 inch and 12-inch guns have not been completed, the results thus far obtained indicate that the larger cannon are in no respect inferior to the 8-inch rifle. The character of work required in order to obtain such precision is indicated by the fact that a deviation of three one thousandths part of an inch from the prescribed bore would be sufficient to condemn a piece of ordnance.

"I NEVER borrow trouble," said the impecunious man, who liked to discourse of his own affairs. "Well," replied the business man, "I'm sorry, but I haven't anything else to [illegible]."

Members of the Australian Legislature are phenomenal reformers. They have actually reduced [illegible].

Our Young Folks.

QUEEN OF THE DAY.

BY M. O.

IT was Johanna's birthday, and her parents had given her leave to choose her birthday treat. Like all other German children, of course she had had a birthday cake round, flat, thick with sugar on the top, and with ten candles stuck round the edge and one in the middle of it; for Johanna was eleven years old that day.

"I know what I will choose," cried Johanna. "Mother dear, may I invite Fritz and Cousin Gretchen? And will you give us a basketful of cakes, and let us go up by ourselves this afternoon and have a picnic at the Tower of Victory?"

"And me, too?" asked little Lina wistfully.

"You're such a baby! You'll be in our way."

"I'll be dreadfully good!"

"You will do all I tell you?" inquired the elder sister, rather domineeringly. "Remember, Lina, it's my birthday. I am Queen of the Day!"

"You will take great care of her?" put in mother, who was very busy, and not sorry to be rid of the children for the afternoon.

"Mother, I'm seven years old!" retorted the Queen of the Day proudly, with a toss of her curls.

After dinner they started, a half-holiday having been begged for Fritz and Gretchen. Mother stuffed the basket so full of cakes that Fritz found it very heavy.

"I'm not going to carry the basket," cried Johanna, "for I'm Queen of the Day!"

It was a hot afternoon. The children set out merrily down the street, chattering and laughing. But when they left the town behind and climbed the path between the fields leading to the pine woods and the Tower of Victory, their pace slackened. At last, on a shady bank under a big tree, they lay down to rest, and Gretchen began to pick the wild flowers with which the spring fields were carpeted.

"Ah!" cried the Queen of the Day, "I have an idea. Bring me flowers quick, Fritz, Gretchen! I'll make you wreaths. There, Lina, you look lovely!" she added, as she adorned the little one.

"Make me one, too," asked Fritz.

"No, I've come enough. Come along, or we shall never reach the Tower."

"I don't want to—it's so hot! I'm tired!" said little Lina.

"Rubbish! Come along, I tell you. I'm Queen of the Day!" And off they set again, Fritz lugging with the basket, and Lina, wreathless now, tagging behind.

The Tower of Victory had been set up as a memorial of the war years ago between France and Germany. The path was shady under the trees, where the squirrels leapt, and the sunlight flickered on the children as they climbed. There was a sweet smell of the pine branches, and now and then, when a soft summer breeze swept over the woods, there came a gentle murmur as of the far-off waves of the sea. Only occasionally, and her little companions did not notice it, for they had always lived there, in every fault of Germany, and had never even seen the sea.

Several times they sat down and rested, for the hill grew round the way long, and Fritz found the basket grew heavier and heavier. At last he comforted himself with taking a cake out of it and silently biting it when he thought Johanna who walked in front, leading the party, would not see. As for little Lina, she grew so tired and hot that she found herself going along at last, began to cry softly, and say she could go no farther.

"I wish you hadn't come, Lina!" exclaimed her sister crossly. "A baby like you spoils everything. Well, stay behind, if you like, but you shan't have a cake or a drop of wine."

So the poor little thing frightened, sorry, got up, and they reached the Tower. At the foot of the gate sat down in the shade to rest, but Johanna and Fritz walked slowly round it, reading of deeds of the sons or lords of their lands, whose names were cut in the great wall. Fritz's uncle was a soldier, who used to play with her just as he and Johanna played together sometimes grandfather, and would tell stories of the days when he was a soldier, and how he had fought in the great war, which was nearly twenty years ago, when Fritz was but a baby. Fritz was very proud of his uncle, and he stared up at the inscriptions, his head cocked far back on his shoulders.

"I wish I was old enough to be a soldier!" exclaimed Fritz, as he stared up at the inscriptions, his head cocked far back on his shoulders.

"Ugh! don't let's think of anything as ugly as fighting up in this nice place, and on my birthday, too," put in the Queen of the Day. "Come and let's open the basket."

No sooner said than done. For a while there, under the shadow of the Tower of Victory, there was a silence, broken only by the munching and the crunching, as the basket gradually grew lighter and more and more empty. It was so pleasant up there, for the evening shadows were lengthening over the valley below, and the breeze grew stronger and cooler. When every drop and every crumb were finished, the children sat awhile, looking down on the roof of the Tower, and wrangling and squabbling a little as to which houses were which, and to what churches different spires belonged.

But Johanna settled every question triumphantly to her own liking, for was she not Queen of the Day? They then played games a little, and Fritz ran off to chase a squirrel, and Johanna invented a beautiful amusement. The hill sloped away very steeply from the Tower, and was covered with slippery fir needles from the pine-trees above; and Johanna found that by sitting down on the steepest part and giving herself a push, she could slide down ever so far, taking care to steer clear of the tree-trunks. It was a delightful game, in which Fritz and Gretchen joined with the greatest energy, and the evening air rang with their shouts and laughter as they climbed and slid, and rolled and stumbled. Only little Lina, too small to climb the steep hill and afraid of falling if she tried to slide, did not join in the game, but stood wistful up by the Tower and watched the others.

On they played. It was growing quite evening now, and the sun was sinking fast behind the opposite hill. Fritz suggested it was getting time to go home. But Johanna only laughed.

"I must have a few more slides! It's a lovely birthday game! No need to hurry home yet, and spoil one's day. Come along up again!"

At last it really grew quite dark under the trees, and when Johanna, after a swift and beautiful slide, reached the bottom she called to the others to come home now. But little Lina was nowhere to be seen, and no one could recollect having seen or heard her since the game began. They searched and called and shouted. It grew darker and darker; the sun set. The wood was a big one, extending over many hills, and they all got very frightened. Gretchen began to remember stories of elves and goblins carrying off children, and Johanna's mind misgave her when she reflected that wild bears were sometimes found in these forests. She grew very, very frightened indeed. She felt she should not dare to go home without her little sister, not if she remained searching all the wood all night.

But at last it was found little Lina asleep under a tree, worn out with crying, and tears came into her eyes again as they woke her and she called out, "Oh! my sister! my sister!"

"Johanna asked. Yes, but dear little thing! But still. Was all rest and sweetness. What had happened?

Suddenly Fritz gave a great shriek. There coiled on among the fir needles, close to Lina, lay a big black snake. Lina lay still with his stick, and after a while killed it. But Johanna caught Lina in her arms and hugged her, sobbing:

"Oh, Fritz! She's been bitten by the snake. She's die, and it will be all my fault, because I was so cross and didn't take care of her," and she wept bitterly.

She lifted the sleepy, crying child in her arms, while Fritz slowly and sadly the little procession wound back to the town, Fritz bearing the snake triumphantly. But how to tell mother?

She trembled to tell her. As the children entered the room and she saw Lina, she knew without one word that she had been naughty, which brought bitter sorrow.

At first the mother was very frightened for the child, but soon looked at the snake and said:

"No fear, mother! Innocent. This is not a poisonous snake."

Soon see that poor little thing, examined [illegible] quickly understanding [illegible]

[illegible] Johanna [illegible] by her as she lay on the ground, which had been strung her.

Mother gave a sigh of relief, but Johanna hid her face in her lap and sobbed.

"Oh, mother! and I had such a fright! I thought I had killed Lina, all through wanting to be Queen of the Day."

A PRINCE'S HOME.

BY E. W. F.

WHAT a nice little dog! He looks as if he meant to come for a walk with us," said Dora King to her sister Gladys. They were walking along the sea-coast, where they were staying for a fortnight with their governess.

"Yes, I had just been watching him," answered Gladys; "he looks so friendly. I wonder who he belongs to?"

"I think he belongs to that man who is sitting reading over there," said the governess. "You had better not encourage him, for his owner might not like it if we let him come with us."

So Dora and Gladys let him alone, and walked on, taking a sly peep round now and then, to see if he were still following them. He did follow them a little way, but finding that no notice was taken of him, he soon ran off.

The next day, when they were down on the sands again, he came running up to them, wagging his tail as if he knew them quite well; and Dora began to pat him. "He is a dear little fellow," she said. "What kind of dog is he, Miss Shepperd?"

"A fox-terrier," said Miss Shepperd. "He is going to stay with us now, I believe."

And so he did. After Dora's little bit of encouragement, he seemed to think he belonged to them, and ran along with them contentedly.

After this, every day when Miss Shepperd took Dora and Gladys for their walk, the little terrier would join them as soon as they got down to the shore, and stay with them as long as they were out. They all got to be very fond of him, and when their fortnight was nearly over, Dora said sadly that she did not mind the thought of leaving the sea nearly so much as the thought of leaving dear Prince behind them. Gladys had named him Prince.

The day before they were to leave, Miss Shepperd told the two girls that she would take them out in a boat for an hour. So they all went down to the shore, and engaged an old fisherman to row them about for an hour. Just as the old man was pushing off, Prince came rushing along the sand towards them. The fisherman was just beginning to tell him to go home, when Gladys exclaimed, "Oh! do stop and let him come with us!"

So the boat waited for him, and Prince got in and settled himself by Dora, with his head against her knee. The old man smiled when he saw this, and said: "My little dog seems to have taken a fancy to you, Miss."

"Your little dog!" exclaimed Dora and Gladys together. "Is he really yours? We have been wondering for ever so long who he could belong to."

"Well I s'pose he's mine, Miss," answered the fisherman. "He lives with me but I don't see him all day, 'cause he goes along o' the lady visitors on the sands. It's a great job for me, 'cause I don't want him; but I should think he's rather a nuisance to 'em sometimes."

"Would you like to get rid of him" said Dora eagerly. "Because I would be quite willing to buy him. I have been going to have a dog for a long while, and he is just the very one I should like. I'm sure he's fond of us, too."

"I'd be only too glad to get rid of him, Miss, and to know that he'd got settled happy. He's come and fixed himself on to me; but it always seems to me as if he's looking round at all the places as comes to the place to see which of 'em would make the kindest mistress for him. He belonged to an invalid lady as I used to row about every day, and she died a while ago, so ever since then he's took up his quarters with me. I don't want him."

After a bit more talking, it was settled at last that Dora should buy him; and so when next day they left for home, Prince went with them, to the mutual satisfaction of Dora, Gladys, and the old fisherman.

[illegible] returns received at the British War Office it is estimated that the number [illegible] officers and men entitled to the Queen's Medal for long meritorious service, running from twenty-[illegible]

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Stilt-walking is a French fad.

Hose made of paper is used in Germany.

A Russian is not of age until he is twenty-six.

Forty-thousand men desert from the German army every year.

Throughout the entire world there are annually about 180,000 suicides.

With a population of 50,000,000, Germany has a war footing of 2,700,000.

In 1894 there were 60,025 distilleries in operation in the German Empire.

With the exception of the Fijians the Americans eat more meat than any other nation.

The Molucca Islands have a combined area of 42,000 square miles—a little more than Ohio.

Box-nailing contests for the women are the newest entertainment at Massachusetts church fairs.

Fifty years ago the multi-millionaire was unknown in America. To-day there are over 4000 of them.

The snow between Cardillac, Mich., and Traverse City is reported to be 40 inches deep on an average.

The French law treats the frog as if it were a fish, and declares all fishing for it by night to be poaching.

Eugene Field is to make an extensive trip through the South next month with a party of Chicago friends.

The annual production of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg amounts to almost 1,700,000 quarts of brandy.

Within the past four years France has recorded 20,000 suicides, while in Italy the number has been only 9000.

The recent murder in Gorham, Maine, was the first that occurred there since it was incorporated, 168 years ago.

Nearly 70,000 tons of corks are used for the bottled beer and aerated waters consumed annually in Britain.

A Chicago chiropodist advertises that he can reconstruct "Tribby" feet out of the most unpromising material.

A sign of politeness in Thibet, on meeting a person, is to hold up the clasped hands and stick out the tongue.

A bill for the execution of death sentences by electricity has been introduced in the West Virginia Legislature.

The first gas lamps in Dublin were put in position in 1818, and before 1825 the entire Irish capital was thus lighted.

Ten lawyers appeared in a case before a Saratoga justice the other day, in which only sixty-five cents was involved.

Greenwich records show that for fourteen years there has been an average of but twenty hours of sunshine in London in December.

The first tinplate mill to be established south of Maryland is being completed at Richmond, Va. The capacity will be 100 boxes of tin a day.

On the body of a notorious brigand recently killed in Turkey were found $2,000 and a notebook which showed that he had killed 192 men.

The proportion of killed to the number of railway travelers is in France 1 in 19,000,000, England 1 in 20,000,000, and in the United States 1 in 2,000,000.

The Turks believe amber to be an infallible guard against the injuries effects of smoking, hence its extensive use for the mouth pieces of pipes.

A representation of the bagpipe was found in the ruins at Tarsus. The instrument was in use 2000 years before the Christian era and is shown to be [illegible]

A surgeon on an Atlantic steamship says that in his wide experience he has found a woman on the whole cooler and more self-possessed than men in cases of disaster at sea.

The most disgusted theatrical troupe in the country is one that stopped at Smyrna, Del., to give a performance, but didn't, because only one person appeared to purchase a ticket.

The Moslems have two festivals of special importance, the greater Bairam and the lesser Bairam. The former is in memory of Abraham offering his son Isaac, and lasts four days.

A Chicago butcher keeps a tame fox. It keeps the place clear of rats. The experiment was tried after cats and traps had failed. The first night the fox spent in the shop he killed [illegible] rodents.

The volume of water that flows through New York city every day via the new aqueduct is equal to a river 100 feet wide and three feet deep, running at the rate of a mile an hour. If the full capacity of the aqueduct were used it would supply a similar river 300 feet wide.

To do [illegible] through from the system use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. It never fails.

INNOCENCE.

BY C. S.

The haughty eye shall seek in vain
What innocence beholds;
No cunning finds the key of Heaven,
No strength its gate unfolds.

Alone to guilelessness and love
That gate shall open fall;
The mind of pride is nothingness,
The childlike heart is all!

TOUCH IN ANIMALS.

Man has the greatest number of sensory nerves; they become fewer as we descend in the scale of creation, and some of the lower invertebrates apparently have none, hence they can have little or no sense of pain. Even in the higher creatures pain appears often deadened, possibly by some hypnotic influence exerted by means of the eyes of beasts of prey, or Nature may not after all be so cruel as she sometimes appears.

A camel when shot was observed to go on calmly chewing the cud, taking no notice of its bleeding wound. The same difference has been observed in the reindeer, and even in the horse. A lobster will voluntarily deprive itself of its great claws if startled; and a crab goes on eating while being itself devoured. A fish, though torn by the hook, still returns to the bait; and a blindworm or sand lizard, if seized, snaps its body in two, and glides away unharmed to reproduce at leisure the lost part.

The sense of touch in man is most highly developed on the skin; but mucous or serous surfaces are also capable of conveying tactile impressions. Some parts of the body are more sensitive than others, and are usually devoid of hairs, as the tip of the tongue, the ends of the fingers, and the lips. It will be noticed that these are so situated as to keep us conveniently informed of what is going on around us.

Some of our most important organs—*for instance, the heart, the brain and* the lungs—are, strange to say, quite insensible to touch; thus showing that not only are nerves necessary for the sensation, but also the special end-organs. This curious fact was noticed with the greatest astonishment by Harvey, who, while treating a patient for an abscess that caused a large cavity in his side, found that, when he put his fingers into this cavity, he could actually take hold of the heart without the patient being in the least aware of what he was doing! This so interested Harvey, that he brought King Charles I. to the man's bedside that "he might himself behold and touch so extraordinary a thing." In certain operations, a piece of skin is removed from the forehead to the nose; and it is stated that the patient, oddly enough, feels as if the new nasal part were still in his forehead, and may have a headache in his nose!

In the lower organisms, as the molluscs, the whole outer skin is sensitive; but some have also specialized organs of touch; these are usually hair-like processes. Thus, jelly-fish shoot out numerous threads, when touched, which enable them to attack the body pressing them. In fishes, touch is usually limited to the lips, parts of the fins, and to special organs called "barbels;" these are long pieces of skin. Fish may sometimes be seen gently touching strange objects with the sides of their bodies, as though thus becoming acquainted with them. Blind cod are quite able to continue foraging for themselves—probably by means of touch aided by smell.

The skin of crustaceans and of insects is more or less horny, or, as has been said, the bee wears its skeleton outside; but even this armor-like surface is sensitive to touch, owing to little hairs or projecting rod-like bodies seated on the coat, from the base of which a nerve-fibre passes through into the body. These little hairs are very numerous on the antennæ of insects; and are evidently sense-hairs of some kind, some of touch, others of other senses. The sense of touch is marvellously developed in spiders.

Bats have an extremely keen sense of touch, probably the most delicate of any creature, and are guided in their flight chiefly by this sense. They have been purposely blinded for the sake of experiment, and then let loose in a room where an intricate network of string had been arranged. This network was never once touched by the bats during their flight. In other experiments, it was noticed that they wisely gave a wider berth to such things as a man's hand or a cat's paw than to harmless pieces of furniture. They can also fly along underground and quite dark passages, avoiding the sides, even when a turn or twist comes.

The wings and other membranous expansions are comparatively small in the fruit-eating bats; for it is the insect-eating bats, who have to be on the alert in order not to starve, who need this excessive keenness of the sense of touch. Sight is useless in the gloom, and it appears to be by the minute changes of pressure in the atmosphere that they recognize the approach of their prey.

There is a similar wonderful sensitiveness to changes of pressure in those whales which prey upon herrings and mackerel, and therefore need both a keen sense and the ability to swim swiftly in order to obtain a meal. It seems odd to us that it should never have occurred to these nor to other strong creatures to employ the weaker creatures to hunt for them and feed them, while they take their ease; but, though their life appears to be one of constant toil and warfare, the mere pursuit of their prey must give pleasure. No caresses nor allurements of dainty food will beguile a cat from its hunt for a mouse; though the mouse is often not eaten, even when caught.

Is the love of sport in man a survival of this instinct, and will it be eradicated as the higher insincts of nature are developed? To return, however, to our whales. Some slight change in the movement or impulse of the water appears sufficient to indicate to them the approach of shoals of fish, or even of sunken rocks. Whale-fishers also state that when they attack a whale, others, even when some miles away, become, in a way quite mysterious to our coarser perceptions, aware of the struggle, and hurry off to the rescue. It is almost impossible to believe that the vibrations of the water could be sufficient to warn them of their comrade's danger at so great a distance.

Grains of Gold.

A hypocrite never fools anybody but himself.

Sin is a detective that never gives up the chase.

We punish ourselves when we hate other people.

Man is not lost by doing wrong, but by being wrong.

Tact wins where great gifts without it would fall flat.

A mote in the eye makes the whole world look wrong.

We cannot do our best for a cause we are not sure is right.

Wherever there is a sin it is sure to be followed by a sorrow.

There is profanity in the heart before it finds expression in words.

Trials do not make us weak. They only show us where we are weak.

A little sin will squirm just as bad as a big one when you try to kill it.

The first step toward being a happy old man is to be a useful young one.

If you would sleep well at night, be wide awake when you make new friends.

The world is not so much in need of better preaching as it is of better practice.

It is hard to convince some people that a thing can be wrong if it looks harmless.

Virtue, if not in action, is a vice; and when we move not forward we go backward.

Hearts may be attracted by assumed qualities, but the affections are only to fixed by those that are real.

Femininities.

Pope Leo XIII is a great admirer of birds.

Several thousands of hairpins, in many styles, has been recovered from Pompeii.

In the reign of Louis XVI. the hats of the ladies were two feet high and four wide.

A Frankford woman is so disagreeable that even the climate doesn't agree with her.

Siberian women are raised as abject slaves—untidy in dress, and are bought with money or cattle.

A man who had a scolding wife, being asked what he did for a living, replied that he "kept a hot-house."

Mr. Manhattan: "Are the divorced women in Chicago called widows?" Mrs. Wabash: "Not for any length of time."

Carrie Liebig is the first woman appointed a railroad division surgeon. She has charge of the Northern Pacific at Hope, Idaho.

Why are women the biggest thieves in existence? Because they steel their petticoats, bone their stays, crib their babies and hook their eyes.

A young widow down town who had been accustomed to using blended tea, has ordered her grocer to send her only black tea since her husband died.

It is said that a man in Kokomo, who has been married three times, is supporting all three of his mothers-in-law, and that they live harmoniously together.

An asylum for incurables of all creeds is being erected by the Sultan of Turkey not far from his palace. It will contain a synagogue, a mosque and a church.

Princess Louise, Queen Victoria's daughter, has made her first appearance as an illustrator. She has illustrated "Auld Robin the Farmer," which has just appeared.

The latest electrical girl to be heard from is Jennie Moran, who lives near Sedalia, Mo. One of her many alleged wonderful powers is that of illuminating a room by her presence.

Mrs. Cramer, of Neenah, Wis., finished reading her Bible for the 258th time on December 31, and closed it with the remark that she would not read it again that year." She is 82 years of age.

Bessy Saunders, who has been an inmate of the South Norwalk, Conn., town farm for several years, will celebrate her 105 birthday next March. In all her life she has never been outside of that town.

Milton, W. Va., has a military company composed entirely of girls. They are drilling under the tutorship of a captain of the State militia, and propose to appear in public when they become proficient.

A St. Louis jury has just appraised a kiss at $2500, and has condemned Mr. A. B. Carpenter, who, it seems, "stole" the kiss in question from Mrs. Sarah M. Pierce, to pay that sum to the victim of his larcenous act.

Mrs. Brown is much giving to gadding. She is everlastingly on the streets, while Col. Brown is much given to staying at home and smoking his pipe. "I believe you love your old pipe more than you do me," she remarked, indignantly. "My pipe doesn't go out as often as you do."

A Vermont woman has been in New York recently having an analysis of hop beer made, and she says there is as much alcohol in it as there is in lager beer. On the strength of these analyses she is going to make it interesting for the venders of hop beer in prohibition Vermont.

A case of poisoning by nutmegs is reported by a Scotch doctor. A woman for some reason had swallowed two nutmegs ground into a little gin. She was seized with vertigo, became delirious, while the heart's action became faint. It took three days of energetic treatment to set her on her feet again.

Judge Johnson, of Milwaukee, has sensibly decided that a check given to a woman's husband is not a payment to her. The case was that of Susan Marigold, who agreed to sign away her dower right in a piece of land sold by her husband to the Gudahys for $500. The purchasers gave her check to her husband, and the Court held that this was not sufficient.

A prominent young woman of Lost Creek, Pa., called at a butcher shop and noticed the carcass of a hog weighing 157 pounds, and after some remarks about it between herself and the proprietor, the latter said that if she would wheel it to her home she might have it free of charge. Although her home was two miles distant, she accepted the offer and accomplished the feat in 53 minutes.

Miss Susan B. Anthony says: "While it is true that women have only secured full suffrage in two States, they have secured partial or local suffrage in more than 10,000 communities. The only difference that remains, the last surviving relic of the age when woman was chattel property and was the savage slave of a still more savage lord, remains to be wiped away. When this is done, for the first time in the world we will have perfect liberty and perfect equality."

Masculinities.

Tolstoi learned Hebrew after he was 50.

A self-made man likes to brag on his job.

Princess Henry of Pless is an expert skater.

Always has a "smile" for you—the barkeeper.

President Faure, of France, rises at 5 A. M. daily.

The Shah of Persia drinks a bottle of brandy a day.

The yearly expense of the Sultan of Turkey have been estimated at no less than $30,000,000.

Pat's objection to the bicycle—"Begorra, whin I walk I prefer to have my feet on the ground."

When it comes to paying campaign assessments, the deeper you are in politics the more you are out.

"It's strange," says the Harlem philosopher, "but you've got to raise the wind before you can sow it."

A ranchman in Contra Costa country, Col., has his farm stocked with about 1,000,000 frogs for the city market.

The number of unmarried women in England and Wales exceed the number of unmarried men by a majority of nearly 200,000.

Billings, Mont., has a police force of three men. All have been arrested on the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses.

Friend: "If you love her, old fellow, why don't you marry her?" Bachelor doctor: "Marry her! Why, she is one of my best patients."

Suitor: "I am sure your heart is in the right place." Beloved: "I am glad to hear you say so. I have just given it to the other fellow."

Dr. Livingstone's sister, Miss Agnes Livingstone, died recently, aged 71. Like her brother she was for many years a missionary in Africa.

The most cautious man we ever knew was the one who was afraid to buy a lead pencil for fear the lead wouldn't reach clean through it."

Dr. Westbrook Farrer, of Biddeford, Me., who is in active practice at the age of 98, attributes his exceptional vigor to the use of wintergreen tea.

Boy: "Papa, what are the happy days of yore?" Father: "The happy days of yore are right now, when you've got somebody to hustle for you."

Bagley: "That pawnbroker bowed to your wife; does he know her?" Brace: "I presume he feels that he does; he has seen her picture so often inside the case of my watch."

Manager: "That young nephew of yours is a sleepy sort of a fellow. What shall I do with him?" Merchant: "See if you can't find room for him in the night-shirt department."

It was recently discovered by the officials of an electric road in Bridgeport, Conn., that they had in their employ a half crazy motorman, who had the most dangerous route in the city.

A wealthy farmer in Champaign county, Ill., retired from business and moved to Chicago. In a day and a half the savings of fifty years were lost in his first attempt at stock speculation.

Mudge: "There was a girl sat beside me in the car who had the prettiest foot I ever saw." Yabsley: "Did she have a pretty face?" Mudge: "I can't tell you. I couldn't see over her sleeves."

Wife, severely: "I'd have you know, sir, that I always keep my temper." Husband, soothingly: "Of course you do, my dear. Of course you do, and I wish to goodness you'd get rid of it."

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church has issued over 5,000,000 pages of missionary literature during the year. It has 6128 organizations with 155,863 members.

Judge Ragsdale tells of a Clarkston youth who wanted to marry. He was awfully freckled and homely, but he said he axed Sal and she said: "Well, John, I wants to marry, I know, but I wants a man all one color."

"Does he smoke?" asked one girl. "Never," replied the other. "Drink?" "Certainly not." "Use profanity?" "No." "My dear, I almost hate to see you marry him." "Why?" "He seems too good to be true."

A New York newspaper is trying to ascertain whether love can come after marriage. It depends on the kind of love. The love of the dear people can well up in the hearts of some office-seekers as regularly as election time comes around.

"This is great weather," says the man who is philosophical under all circumstances. "great weather." "Is that ironical?" "No; it increases the self-esteem of the human race. If a man goes out to it he congratulates himself on his courage. If he stays in the house he admires his evasion sense."

Latest Fashion Phases.

A handsome toilette de visite is in corin the colored wooden crepon, adorned with velvet of a darker shade. The wide pen-wiper skirt is garnished by four points of jet passementerie, narrowing as they descend from the waist to within a few inches of the ground.

Strictly speaking there are two bodices, an inner one of velvet, close-fitting, finished at the neck by a collar band of velvet, covered with jet passementerie, and having fitting sleeves of velvet. The over-bodice is draped, also of velvet, but has drooping puffed sleeves of the crepon. This draped bodice reaches half way up the shoulder seam, then comes downward and forward to about three inches from the centre of the chest, where it forms a point on each side; then it curves back below the bust and rises again in a point in the centre; from this is crosses to the left of the waist, and is fastened by a moulin bow of satin ribbon. It is shaped out square at the neck in back. The decolletage thus formed is bordered by a band of satin covered with jet passementerie.

Much more simple, but very stylish and effective, is a gown with bodice in rose velvet soutache, with white, and is made with a close fitting back, without seams, and a full front, drooping slightly over the belt, and is terminated by a short full basque. Square epaulettes of the soutache velvet fall over the tops of the bouffante gigot sleeves. The plain collar-band is of velvet, with a tiny ruffle of lace at the top, and the belt is composed of cabochons of multi-colored pearls. The basque and epaulettes are lined with rose silk. This is a bodice which may be worn with any harmonizing skirt.

The skirt is in beige cloth and, although falling in fluted folds, fits unusually close over the hips.

The stylish little toque is in beige felt, the brim rolled back abruptly from the front, and is adorned with pansies.

All the skirts which we have mentioned are finished without a foot trimming, but this may be added if desired. A band of trimming on the edge of the skirt will often assist in gaining the flaring effect so much en rigueur, a border of velvet or fur being particularly efficacious in this respect. Where this garniture is omitted a fine wire or rod is inserted in the hem or the skirt is finished by a heavy cord. A good plan is to incase the cord in the velveteen binding.

Ostrich feather trimming made of small tips is very popular for evening dresses, and comes in sets shaped to outline the neck, with larger feathers to form the sleeves. Among other novelties in dress trimmings is a jet band shaped to edge a yoke, and from this, in front, falls a chenille fringe, tipped two or three inches with jet, which reaches the bottom of the waist.

Moire gauze in lovely pale shades is a new material for evening dresses, and decided moires are shown in the new crepons.

The newest velvet ribbons have a jetted edge, making them very effective for hat as well as dress trimmings.

The modest violet has been brought into such prominence within the last two years that it no longer justifies its old time reputation. Little bunches are tucked here and there on hats, neck ruffs, fur boas and muffs with great effect, and tiny blossoms are so delicately perfumed that they outdo nature. The newest way to wear them on your street coat is to have the bunch arranged with some long stems and some very short ones, with the flowers peeping out from among the leaves as though growing there.

Open work embroidered chiffons come in great variety, and white embroidered with black is used for light mourning.

Hand painted dresses, with flowers and fruit thrown in garlands all over the skirt, or landscapes painted in medallions on the front and sides, are an extravagant fancy in Paris. And added to this elegance is a lace which is threaded, in portieres, with small diamonds, and costs $2000 per metre.

Real old time quilting, quilting done by hand and showing beauty as well as precision, has been revived. In common with much other fine, tedious work it dropped into disuse when the sewing machine invaded every home, but it has returned, and with even more than its original charm.

The very latest spreads for infants' use are of soft India silk, elaborately quilted, and are very attractive indeed. A fine specimen seen this week is of robin's egg blue, lined with creamy white. It is tufted with real down and is warm, while it is neither clumsy nor heavy. But the quilting is the distinctive feature, and that is done as perfectly as quilting can be. The pattern is quite as elaborate as any designed for braiding would be and of the same general sort. Instead of being covered, however, it is traced with the finest possible stitching, all put in by hand. In itself it completely controverts the theory that the art of needlework is dying out. Not even relics of our great grandmothers' time can show any finer work and few can boast so handsome and elaborate a pattern. Whether one believes or does not that the result warrants the time expended and the strain upon the eyes, she is forced to admit that the spread is exquisite and dainty.

The stitches are marvels, for each one is of exactly the length of the last, and even the machine could do no more regular work. To a woman born and bred in the last two decades the spread seems a wonder of patience as well as skill. Investigation into the realm of the long ago, and a little searching among the treasures of our great grandmothers' time, may reveal similar things, but to modern eyes it is marvellous, nevertheless.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Mutton Croquettes.—One pound and a half of cold roast mutton, one onion, one carrot, a little nutmeg, other seasoning to taste, one pint of stock broth, some bread crumbs, four eggs, two ounces of ham and some parsley. Chop the carrot, onion and ham up very fine, place it in a stewpan with a small piece of butter, and let it fry gently five minutes, then add the stock broth and some seasoning; let all simmer until reduced to half the quantity, then stir in the yolks of three eggs; let boil, then add the mutton chopped very fine; let the mixture get cold, then roll into balls the size of small hen's eggs, dip them into beaten eggs, then into bread crumbs, have ready some boiling lard or drippings, drop in the croquettes and fry a golden brown; when done drain them on a paper before the fire. Well wash and pick some parsley, thoroughly dry it on a cloth, then throw it into the boiling lard, let fry half a moment, take out and let dry on paper. Pile the croquettes on a napkin on a very hot dish, garnish with the parsley and serve immediately.

Home-Made Ice Cream. — Excellent "home made" ice cream is prepared as follows: To three fresh eggs add one cupful of granulated sugar, thoroughly beaten, the cream from a pan of milk that is well scalded, and, if possible another cupful of cream. Beat again, adding desired flavoring. Now add a quart or more of the scalded morning's milk, one more cupful of sugar, or a scant cup to a quart, then freeze.

Celery Catsup.—Bruise one ounce celery seed, one teaspoonful white pepper, one teaspoonful salt, one-half dozen oysters in a mortar. Rub through a sieve, add one quart of best white vinegar and bottle for use.

Celery Greens.—Wash the blanched and unblanched leaves of celery and boil in salted water until tender. Drain, press and chop lightly. Season with butter, pepper and salt, and send to table hot.

Celery Cream Soup.—Boil one cup of rice in two pints of sweet milk and one pint of cream. Rub it through a sieve. Grate the blanched parts of three heads of celery and add it to the rice and milk. Add one quart of white stock and boil it until the celery is tender. Season with salt and red pepper and serve hot.

Spiced Salmon.—Boil a salmon and after wiping it dry, set it to cool; take of the water in which it was boiled and good vinegar each equal parts, enough to cover it; add to it one dozen cloves, as many small blades of mace or sliced nutmeg, one teaspoonful of whole pepper, and the same of allspice; make it boiling hot, skim it clear, add butter (the size of a small egg), and pour it over the fish; set it in a cool place. When cold, it is fit for use, and will keep for a long time, covered close, in a cool place. Serve instead of pickled oysters for supper. A fresh cod is very nice, done in the same manner.

Salt Mackerel Broiled.—Soak the mackerel for a while in lukewarm water; take up and wipe dry. Dip in melted butter, then in beaten egg, and roll in bread crumbs. Broil and serve with lemon juice and parsley, or maitre d'hotel butter.

Stuffed Beefsteak.—Take a thick and tender slice of rump of about two pounds weight. Make two gills of stuffing of bread crumbs, pepper, salt and powdered cloves, or sweet marjoram, as you please. Roll the dressing up in the steak, wind a piece of twine around it, taking care to secure the ends. Have ready a saucepan, with a slice or two of pork fried crisp. Take out the pork and lay in the steak; and brown it thoroughly on every side. Add two gills of the stock, or of water in which meat has been boiled; sprinkle in a little salt, cover, and stew slowly an hour and a half. Add more water after awhile, if it becomes too dry. Some persons like the addition of chopped onion. There should, however, be only a very little; half of a small one is enough. When nearly done, add half a gill of catsup. When you take up the meat unwind the string carefully so as not to unroll it. Lay it on a hot dish, thicken the gravy, if not already thick enough, and pour over the roll. Cut the meat in slices through the roll.

Scalloped Oysters.—Take the oysters contained in one quart and wash them carefully in their own liquor to remove any particles of shell. Strain the liquor. Well butter a baking dish, sprinkle the bottom with a layer of bread crumbs, then a layer of oysters, then a layer of bread crumbs seasoned with generous pieces of butter, salt, pepper and a very little mace or nutmeg, according to taste. Then add another layer of oysters and seasoning, over which pour half a cup of the strained oyster liquor to which has been added two tablespoonfuls of sherry, then another layer of seasoning. Cover the top with fine crumbs that have been moistened in melted butter. Bake half an hour.

Beef Tea.—"Where beef tea is a daily article of diet for a convalescent," says a nurse, "it may be pleasantly varied by using different flavors. A choice of mace, a bay leaf, a clove or celery salt is about all that is permitted, but by combining these and using singly, a monotony of flavor is avoided."

Eggs.—Hard-boiled eggs, as every one knows, are not easily digested. The yolk of such an egg is much more digestible, however, than the white. By mincing the white and yolk together the white is rendered more digestible. The hard-boiled egg is also more wholesome when it is served in salad, or even with a little mustard, the salad dressing or the mustard being powerful assistants to digestion.

St. George Pudding.—One cup each of raisins, suet and molasses, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of allspice, one teaspoonful saleratus, two eggs. Boil or steam four hours. Serve with wine sauce.

Chocolate Cookies.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, four eggs, one cup of grated chocolate, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Flour to roll thin. They are better with age.

ALL DONE BY RATS.—The owner of the greatest number of well-trained rats is undoubtedly M. Dourof, a Russian, who has made it the business of his life to carefully study the habits of these rodents and train them. He has been remarkably successful, and the way in which his performing rats run a miniature express railway train both astonished and amused the Parisians before whom M. Dourof recently exhibited his family of pets, which number in all two hundred.

The rat railway consists of a narrow track laid in a circle, with three passenger carriages to hold six rats each, a luggage van, and an engine. A cage having been brought in and the door opened, the rats swarm about the station, and, at a given signal, half-a-dozen black corpulent rats climb into the first class carriage, another half dozen black-and-white rats get into the second-class carriage, while the indiscriminately marked rats scramble into the third-class carriage.

A black rat, doing duty as station master, promenades up and down the platform, while two or three small white rats, acting as porters, drag some trunks into the luggage van. A whistle is heard and the driver rat climbs upon his engine, and another rat as pointsman rushes to the points. Again the whistle sounds, and the rat express train moves off round and round the track.

THE simultaneous presence of four generations—represented by the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York and the latter's baby son—at Windsor, the other day, is a fact unique in the history of the English monarchy.

The peculiarity of Dobbins' Electric Soap is that it acts right on the dirt and stains in clothes and makes them pure as snow, at the same time it preserves the clothes, and makes them keep clean longer. Have your grocer order it.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is safe, reliable and effectual because of the stimulating action which it exerts over the nerves and vital powers of the body, adding tone to the one and inciting to renewed and increased vigor the slumbering vitality of the physical structure, and through this healthful stimulation and increased action the CAUSE of the PAIN is driven away, and a natural condition restored. It is thus that the READY RELIEF is so admirably adapted for the CURE OF PAIN and without the risk of injury which is sure to result from the use of many of the so-called pain remedies of the day.

It Is Highly Important That Every Family Keep a Supply of

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or cure the progress of disease as quick as the READY RELIEF.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need anyone SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Aches and Pains

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Internally—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

For the Cure of Chronic Disease, Scrofulous, Hereditary or Contagious.

Not only does the Sarsaparilla Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bonedust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by all druggists. Price, One Dollar.

Radway's Pills

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Constipation, Costiveness.

Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25c per Box. Sold by druggists.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm Street, New York, for Book of Advice.

Recent Book Issues.

"The Devil's Playground" is a story of the wild northwest, by John Mackie, illustrated by A. Hencke. It is a thoroughly good tale of hunting and adventure with a mingling of the love element that makes it all the better. It is bound to please all classes of readers. Published by the F. A. Stokes Co., New York. For sale by Porter and Coates.

"Famous Queens' and Martha Washington Paper Dolls," by E. S. Tucker, are a new adaptation of the "A Year of Paper Dolls" idea. Cutting out these robes, crowns, bonnets, walking gowns and other costumes will be an endless delight to any girl. Published by the F. A. Stokes Co., New York. For sale by Wanamaker.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The leading place in "Cassell's Family Magazine" for February is given to a complete story by Grant Allen, entitled "Leon and Leonie," illustrated. Among the interesting illustrated papers are: "History and Fiction; a Chat with Mr. Stanley J. Weyman," by Frederick Dolman; "In a War Balloon at Aldershot;" "A Peep at some Royal Keepsakes," illustrated from photographs, and others. Published at New York.

"The Quiver" is always filled with the best and most practical of Sunday reading, interesting short stories and instalments of attractive serials, and the February number is no exception. The frontispiece is entitled "Forgiven," and the touchingly beautiful picture tells its own story. Published at New York.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

Some years ago we had a dog, of common breed, but a most agreeable, companionable creature, and very bright withal. He had one curious trait for a dog of such common derivation, and that was a passion for bird hunting. If allowed to go in the field with the sportsman of the family, little Kit would hunt as eagerly, and point a bird as gravely as the trained setter would do. But he was not often permitted to go afield. When we first got the *little dog he became* much attached to my father, who was a practicing physician, and wished to constitute himself his escort when he made his professional visits. This was not permitted, however, and finally he became reconciled to his fate—which was to stay at home. But before he submitted he made many attempts to have his own way, and on one occasion he succeeded. That dogs understand what is said before them has been often proved. One morning a message came and summoned my father to a case near the railroad station, which lies about a quarter of a mile beyond the village. Kit heard the message given—and soon disappeared. When more than half way to his destination, my father saw a small figure emerge from a ditch beside the road, and Kit, with an inimitable swagger of complacency, and the air of one who finding himself a good part of the way a friend is traveling "does not mind if he goes the whole of it with him," joined himself to his amused master, who, of course, did not order him home. And the wise little thing had so evidently reasoned it out that he would not do it if he got sufficiently beforehand with him! He was very obedient to a call. Even if he was eating and you summoned him he would attend but would first gather up carefully whatever he might have before him, and come galloping up with perhaps a fagot of chicken bones sticking out of his mouth. He never failed to respond to a call—but he never left a bone behind. Kit waged fierce warfare upon the moths that fly about the lights. Whenever the lamp was lighted he would course about the room trying to catch them, and if one came within reach he would spring up and snap it, squeeze it between his teeth, then spit it out and lie down and roll over it from side to side, lifting first one shoulder, then the other to see if his victim was still under him, growling softly and unctiously the while.

C. E. M.

AFRAID TO BURN THEM.—They were playing a quiet rubber of whist and had called for a new pack of cards. One of the company was a card-player of years and of experience, and he took the old worn-out pack and put them on the window sill.

"Throw them in the fire," said the young man who was his partner.

"What," said the elder, "throw a pack of cards in the fire? Young man, you don't know what you are talking about. I wouldn't do it for $500."

"Why not?"

"Superstition," was the answer. "Burn a pack of cards, and they will never give you another hand and will mock you to the last. They're bad enough at best, but you never saw a gambler curse the cards or abuse them, or burn them or otherwise illtreat them. He dare not. I knew a 'successful' card-player who did it. He was dwelling on velvet then. In a year he was a beggar, and he never won a game worth mentioning afterwards. It's a whim, but old card-players respect it. They won't burn a pack of cards."

JUSTICE IN NOVEL GUISE.—Wonderful are the ways of justice when she once sets foot in tropical lands! Possibly the climate is there too stimulating for her brain, since she apparently grows more proficient in artful devices, and at the same time more reckless in tipping her scales. She is by no means the same calm individual who aids the law in cooler countries.

A certain captain once left Marseilles for China, but, being buffeted by the winds, made for the harbor of Tunis to await better weather. The collector of the port came on board, and although the captain stated that he was freighted for Canton, and had nothing to do with Tunis, the collector succeeded in proving to him that he must pay his harbor dues.

Captain B—— did so, but instantly repaired to the palace of the bey, and demanded justice.

"Good Frank," said the bey, "I am your friend. What do you want?"

"Highness," answered the captain, "your Custom-house has robbed me. I have had to pay unjustly."

"Excellent individual," answered the bey; "in this country, when we have the money, we keep it. The first acquisition is a difficulty, but to give back a thing is unknown in Africa."

"Shall I not have justice then?"

"Certainly you shall; everyone has justice in Tunis. Will you have it in French or Tunis fashion?"

"French justice, never! I am in a hurry."

"So be it, then," replied the bey. "What is your cargo?"

"Marseilles soap and twenty thousand cotton caps."

"It is well; go away and be tranquil."

The bey then summoned his vizier. "Vizier," said he, "we love justice; we love the Franks. Proclaim that every Jew who appears out of doors to-morrow without a cotton cap will have a little transaction to settle with me."

There were some thousands of Jews in Tunis, and there was not a single cotton cap. The unfortunate men were preparing for death when they learned that Captain B—— had an abundance of the desired article. That was enough; he was able to sell his entire lot for eight shillings a cap.

He rushed to the bey's palace, and poured forth his thanks.

"Not so fast," said the key. "I have not done yet. Vizier, proclaim that every Jew who keeps a cotton cap another hour will have trouble with me."

The vizier made a grand salaam, and retired. When Captain B—— returned to his ship, he found a crowd of Jews already awaiting him, caps in hand.

He purchased all the articles again for a penny apiece, and went on to Canton with his cargo intact, and his purse laden with the silver which had been thus juggled from the Jews.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN BELGIUM.—Though the death penalty was practically abolished in Belgium over thirty years ago, the punishment of those convicted of capital crimes is so awful that none has yet been able to endure it more than three years. Another curious thing is that little Belgium until recently had two public executioners, while but one was sufficient for her vaster neighbor, France—Diebler, otherwise known as M. de Paris. The King of the Belgians recently ordered the retirement on a pension of 1 837 francs of executor of high works (as he is euphoniously termed), who was stationed at Liege. The executioner at Brussels still holds his place.

The duty of public executions in Belgium are singular but not arduous. The courts still continue to sentence malefactors to death, but the guillotine has been replaced by a scaffold, on which is posted a copy of the sentence. Much ceremony is observed in affixing this document. A troop of gendarmes, with their imposing helmets plumed with horsehair, is drawn up about the place of execution, which they gravely guard with sabres drawn, while the red-robed executioner mounts the steps, nail up the decrees of the court and, after a moment, takes it down again.

But the condemned man might more mercifully have perished by the axe or rope. He is placed in a dungeon so constructed that from the moment he enters it he will never hear the sounds of human voice nor see a living being. His food is passed in through a sliding panel in the door of his cell.

Not one of these prisoners has been able to survive this confinement for more than three years. The authorities have striven in vain to prolong their lives by varying their food as much as possible, but those whose are moderately or lightly nourished gradually waste away, while those who are generously fed go mad and die raving maniacs.

LAMPS OF ALL AGES.—There are in England several important and very extensive collections of the lamps and lanterns of all ages, the largest of these collections being, perhaps, that of one of the provincial lamp manufacturers of this day; whilst another very important one is that of Lord Tredegar, whose late father was an assiduous collector.

All ages are represented in these collections, the lamps even of the ancient Egyptians occupying a prominent place, but the chief glory of both collections is the historical interest attaching to many of the lamps. In the second-named collection is the carriage lamp of Napoleon I., and one of the lanterns which lit up the features of the dying Nelson in the cockpit of the Victory.

Here also is an ancient lantern found near a dismal skeleton in a huge cave brought to light some years ago near Settle, in Yorkshire; and beside this come lanterns made from portions of deadly shells, from human skulls, from parts of ancient suits of armor, and from sea-shells.

Many private collectors have single lamps of great historical interest, amongst these being the lamp which Eugene Aram used in burying his victim. This lamp is the property of Mr. Hall Caine, the novelist, and was a present to him from the late Lord Houghton. What is said to be the lantern used by Guy Fawkes in his fell transactions beneath the Houses of Parliament is in the possession of a private collector; a north-country museum has in its keeping the favorite reading lamp of Sir Isaac Newton; and a Glasgow gentleman exhibits with pride a lantern with which Bobby Burns lighted himself home late o' nights.

BOTH WENT.—An infirm old gentleman was found by a rogue moaning sadly for something lost.

"What is the matter, sir?" said the fellow.

"Oh, sir, a villain has just stolen my new white hat from my head, and run away with it."

"Why don't you run after him?" asked the rogue.

"Bless your heart, sir, I can't run at all; I can hardly walk."

"The deuce you can't," said the rogue; "and he stole your hat?"

"Yes, he did, sir."

"And you can't run?"

"Not I."

"Nor catch him?"

"No."

"Then here goes for your wig!" and accordingly, pulling off the thatch from his head, the fellow went off like a shot from a rifle, and the old gentleman was left as bald as a coot.

IN CHINA.—The Emperor of China, Kuang Hus, cannot appear in public, and when he goes abroad, it is usually in a sedan-chair, with guards along each side of the road to prevent intruders from staring at his sacred person. He lives in a great palace, surrounded by a wall through which nobody but the Court officials ever penetrates without special permission. He was kept in seclusion throughout his youth, the dowager-empress acting as regent. He had in his palace-yard miniature models of men-of-war, a train of cars which was an exact model of the first railway train ever run in China, and every toy that wealth could procure, but he has never seen one of his men-of-war, or ridden in a real steam car. He learns as much of what goes on in his empire as the viceroys see fit to tell him. The youthful Emperor is of frail physique and in very delicate health.

The stealing of bicycles has become one of the leading crimes in Ohio. It is said that during the year 1894 192 were unlawfully taken, while the number of horses stolen was but forty seven. Various reasons are advanced as to these matters, but the most sensible appears to be that bicycles can be more easily captured, make no noise when ridden away, are hard to identify, and in no case have to be fed or groomed as horses are. The "silent steeds" will do well to remain at home at night unless accompanied by their owner.

NOT QUITE A RELATIVE.—A certain gentleman, who had made a large fortune in railway stocks, and had a showy establishment, took unto himself, to console a brief widowhood, a second wife. A lady of the neighborhood went, soon after the event, to call upon the bride, and in the lapse of the rather lagging conversation ventured some indifferent remark upon a portrait hanging upon the wall.

"Is it one of your husband's family?" she inquired.

"Well, not exactly," the hostess answered. "It was a picture of his first wife, but it wasn't a very good likeness, so we had the eyes changed, and kept it for a fancy head."

For
Throat
And Lung
Troubles, Take
AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral
Received
Highest Awards
At World's Fair.
When in Doubt, ask for Ayer's Pills.

PRIZES ON PATENTS

How to get $100 and Perhaps Make a Fortune.

We secure patents and to induce people to keep track of their bright ideas we offer a prize of one hundred dollars to be paid on the first of every month to the person who submits to us the most meritorious invention during the preceding month. We will also advertise the invention free of charge in the National Recorder, a weekly newspaper, published in Washington, D. C., which has an extensive circulation throughout the United States and is devoted to the interests of inventors.

NOT SO HARD AS IT SEEMS

The idea of being able to invent something strikes most people as being very difficult; this delusion the Company wishes to dispel. It is the simple things and small inventions that make the greatest amount of money, and the complex ones are seldom profitable. Almost everybody, at some time or another, conceives an idea, which, if patented, would probably be worth to him a fortune. Unfortunately such ideas are usually dismissed without thought. The simple inventions like the car window which could be easily slid up and down without breaking the passenger's back, the sauce pan, the collar button, the nut lock, the bottle stopper, the snow shovel, are things that almost everyone sees some way of improving upon, and it is these kind of inventions that bring the greatest returns to the author.

The prize we offer will be paid at the end of each month, whether the application has been acted upon by the Patent Office or not. Every competitor must apply for a patent on his invention through us, and whether he secures the prize or not, the inventor will have a valuable patent.

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, Gen'l Manager,
618 F St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

P. S. The responsibility of this company may be judged from the fact that its stock is held by about seventeen hundred of the leading newspapers of the United States.

BOOKKEEPING SIMPLIFIED. (WAGGENER'S.) Mailed on receipt of price, $1.00. Send for Circular. C. E. DEACON, Publisher, 227 S. Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTS Thomas P. Simpson, Washington, D. C. No attorney's fee until patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

CHART FREE Astrology, clairvoyance. Send age, color of eyes and hair, in handwriting. Address Prof. W. E. L. E. S., Box 26, Newark, N. J.

• FAT PEOPLE •
Park Obesity Pills reduce your weight 15 lbs a month. NO STARVING without or injury. NO REMEDY positive relief. Price $2.00 by mail prepaid, particulars [illegible] 2c. PARK REMEDY CO., Boston, Mass.

Humorous.

If you should see the butcher put
His thumb upon the weigh,
Don't be a great big kicker, but
Just look the other way.
If you should see some youngster take
His sweetheart to the play,
Don't watch the winkings that they make,
Just look the other way.
—U. N. Nose.

On the watch—Hands.

Cooks are liable to boils.

A man of airs—The organ grinder.

A still hunt—Looking for moonshiners.

The weighs of world—Avoirdupois and troy.

The baseball pitcher, of all men, must know the ins and outs of his business.

"Yes," said the fair snake charmer; "I am completely wrapped up in my pets."

"Always aim a little higher than the mark," says one philosopher. "What! Kiss a girl on the nose? Never."

Stubbs: "Wigwag's wife is an awful talker, but he can shut her up." Stobbs: "How does he do it?" Stubbs: "He makes her sleep in a folding bed."

"Do you mean to tell me that Joe is really dead? That was the last thing I expected of him." "Well, it was the last thing he did, wasn't it?"

Star boarder: "Is this coffee sueing for a divorce?" Landlady: "Why do you ask such a strange question?" Star boarder: "It has enough grounds."

Bandleader, to trombone: "Mr. Johnsing, you's two bars behin' de res'." Mr. Johnsing, testily: "Yo' needn' bodder 'bout me, I kin ketch up any time I wanter."

Mrs. Newrich: "Suzanne, tell Robert, the butler, that if he must smoke in the kitchen to use better tobacco." Suzanne: "I did tell him, but he says they're the best cigars master has."

Mrs. Pancake, suspiciously: "Why are you hanging around my back window so long?" Tramp: "Madam, those apple pies of yours are pretty as pictures, an' I'd like to be the frame o' one o' them."

Enthusiastic author: "Yes, sir; I don't expect to be able to write the half that's in me in this world. When I get to the next world I expect to keep on writing just the same." Cynical friend: "Words that burn?"

Nurse, to doctor, who has just been called in: "It appears to be a very complicated case, doctor. Can you make anything out of it?" Doctor: "Well, between you and me, I think I can make a couple of hundred out of it."

Parvenu hostess, to stable boy, attired as waiter for the occasion of a dinner party: "James, why do you fill Mr. De Gluttonne's glass?"

James: "Lor' mum, what's the use? He empties it as fast as I fill it."

Quiet man, on first night of new piece: "Excuse me, sir, but I don't see any occasion for such violent applause."

Demonstrative neighbor: "I do, my friend. The author is one of my wife's boarders, and he's over two months behind with his bill!"

Druggist: "Haven't we several gross of that 'Infallible Cramp Cure' somewhere on those top shelves, John?"

Assistant: "Yes, sir."

Druggist: "Have them dusted off and labelled 'Sure Cure for Grip,' and put them in the window."

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, shut it?" asked Meandering Mike.

"Of course it is," replied Plodding Pete.

"Well, dat's de reason I don't accept no job from nobody. If I was workin' I might be tempted to go on a strike. An' den see de trouble I'd be in."

"This steak must be off a cart horse," said a man in a Paris restaurant. The waiter shook his head impassively. "Then it must be off a race horse?" The waiter shook his head again. "Worse than that, eh? Then tell me the truth, what is it off?"

"Off a bicycle, sir," said the waiter, more impassive than ever.

At the dinner table in a country hotel a guest says to the waitress: "Miss, are you sure that this is wild duck that you've given me?"

"Wild? Well, I should think it was. If you could a seen us ketchin' that duck more'n forty times round the back yard 'fore we ketched it, I guess you'd believe it was wild."

Hobbs and Dobbs were discussing one evening the new stammer. "The hardest job I ever had," said Dobbs, "was to understand a deaf and dumb man who stammered."

"How can a deaf and dumb man stammer?" asked Hobbs.

"Easily enough," replied Dobbs, "he had the station in his fingers."

"Are you looking at the face of Nature, kitty?" asked her father.

"Yes," replied the little girl at the window; "it's all covered with snow, and it looks just like mother's face when she goes out calling."

"That's putting it on pretty thick, my dear," he observed in a tone of reproof.

"Yes," said kitty, "that's the way mamma puts it on."

EVER CURIOUS WOMAN!—Various travelers in hitherto almost unknown Corea show us that even in that remote land, "O, curiosity, thy name is woman!"

The key to Corean life lies in the seclusion of the woman. As one passes through the streets or along the roads one sees very few ladies. Most of those who are met—and they are really charming and often good-looking—wear what does duty as a veil, a light coat of some kind (generally of green silk, sleeves and all), which is cast over the head, and when men are met is drawn tightly over the face, so that only the eyes—sometimes only one eye, perhaps not even as much as that—can be seen; and often the wearer is so exceedingly bashful that she not only takes this precaution, but also turns her back to the street and her face to the wall of the houses along the way.

"But," remarks one traveler, "whenever I met a female thus coy and bashful, I always felt that one thing would surely happen—that, as soon as she thought I was safely past, her curiosity would get the better of her bashfulness, and she would throw off all restraint to see how the foreign stranger was dressed.

"Accordingly after passing her a few steps, I would, if feeling a little mischievous, cast a quick glance over my shoulder and catch the lady, generally with her face entirely exposed, in the act of gazing with both her eyes at the foreigner in the queer garb. Of course, my glance would disconcert her, and send her scurrying off in the opposite direction."

DESCENT.—We are not, it seems, descended from the monkeys, after all, but from the fishes. Professor Drummond tells us (and all professors claim an infallibility equal to, if not surpassing, that of the Roman Pontiff) that "when man left the water, or what was to develop into man, he took very much more ashore with him than a shell. Instead of crawling ashore at the worm stage, he remained in the water until he evolved into something like a fish, so that when, after an amphibian interlude, he finally left it, many ancient and fish-like characters remained in his body to tell the tale."

One of these characteristics of the fish said still to remain to man is the trace of gills in the neck, and the professor lays great stress upon this point. He instances cases in which children have been born not only with external traces of gills, but with gills slits open through and through, so that fluids taken in at the mouth, could pass through and trickle out at the neck.

A QUICK REPLY.—Lately in one of the kindergartens the teacher was endeavoring to familiarize the children with the words "cold" and "hot" at sight without spelling them by letters. When she asked them what they would get if they went of doors in winter without their coats and pointed at the words, they caught the cue at once and answered "cold" instantly, but "hot" proved a puzzler for a moment. "Now, Mary," said the teacher to the little girl in the end seat, "suppose that you were standing right close up in front of a great big fire, just flaming and flaring and burning and blazing away—what would you get?" "I'd get right away from there," replied the child in a matter-of-fact tone that upset the instructor for the afternoon.

Dobbins' Electric Soap is cheaper for you to use, if you follow directions, than any other Soap would be, if given to you; for by its use CLOTHES ARE SAVED. Clothes cost more than soap. This soap cost in 1869 twenty cents a bar. Now it costs nine. It contains precisely the same ingredients, and no others, now as then, and costs less than half. Buy it of your grocer, use it and preserve your clothes. If he hasn't it, he knows that he can buy it of his wholesale grocer. The genuine always has our name on the wrapper. Look out for imitations. There are many of them.

PRESERVATION of clothes by the use of Dobbins' Electric Soap, is an established FACT of a generation. It is not an experiment or a wild assertion, but absolutely TRUE. Think carefully whether you prefer to save a cent or two on soap, or dollars on clothes. You can't do both. Buy Dobbins' Electric and look on every wrapper for the name of

DOBBINS SOAP M'F'G CO.,
Successors to I. L. Cragin & Co.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DOLLARD & CO.,

TOUPEE WIG

1223 CHESTNUT ST.
Philadelphia,
Premier Artistes
IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.	FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck. No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frisettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinders.

On and after November 18, 1894.

Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express (Parlor and Dining Car), daily, 9.00 a m, via L. V. R. R.

Buffalo and Chicago Express (Through Sleeping Cars), daily, 6.45 p m, 9.45 p m, via L. V. R. R.

Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Daily (sleeper) 11.30 p m.

Lock Haven, Clearfield and Du Bois Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.50, 11.15 a m, (12.27, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining Car), 1.30, 3.50, 5.15, 6.12 from 24th and Chestnut), 8.25, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.50 a m, 12.35, 3.50 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 4.30, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 4.06, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.20, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays 4.27, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m. daily does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, 11.08 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 8.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.42 a m, 5.30, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves; Week-days—Express 9.00 a m., 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 5.00 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 20 S. Tenth street, 609 S. Third street, 3962 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, C. G. HANCOCK,
General Superintendent. General Passenger Agent.

IF YOU WANT INFORMATION ABOUT

PENSIONS

Address a letter or postal card to
THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, - - Managing Attorney.
P. O. Box 483. WASHINGTON, D. C.

PENSIONS PROCURED FOR
SOLDIERS, WIDOWS,
CHILDREN, PARENTS.

Also, for Soldiers and Sailors disabled in the line of duty in the regular Army or Navy since the war. Survivors of the Indian wars of 1832 to 1842, and their widows, now entitled. Old and rejected claims a specialty. Thousands entitled to higher rates. Send for new laws. No charge for advice. No fee until successful.

MAGIC LANTERNS

AND VIEWS.

For Public Lectures, School, Church or Home.

WORLD'S FAIR

and other interesting subjects. Send 3c. stamp for Catalogue.

J. W. MARCY SCIOPTICON CO.,
1008 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa

WORK FOR ALL. $75 a month salary and expenses paid. If you want employment write at once to P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

Good Wives

grow fair in the light of their works, especially if they use SAPOLIO. It is a solid cake of scouring soap used for all cleaning purposes. All grocers keep it.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST by many a woman who strives to please her household and works herself to death in the effort. If the house does not look as bright as a pin, she gets the blame—if things are upturned while house-cleaning goes on—why blame her again. One remedy is within her reach. If she uses SAPOLIO everything will look clean, and the reign of house-cleaning disorder will be quickly over.